

AN
ENGLISH BOOK OF LIGHT VERSE.

An
ENGLISH BOOK
of
LIGHT VERSE

CHOSEN BY
GUY BOAS

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FOREWORD

IN making this selection I have rejected many poems in spite of their classic qualities and illustrious authorship, because their length outruns their art, or because they are handicapped by faded topical allusion: others are omitted because a lack of verbal and metrical precision causes them to fall below the standard set (comparatively recently) by W. S. Gilbert, Owen Seaman, and such contemporary practitioners as A. P. Herbert and E. V. Knox—a standard which only certain masters of the past anticipated. In many cases I have thought it more impressive to represent a poet by one first-rate example of his work than by a number of poems.

G. B.

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Induction

*In feudal days when England's life was young
And France had tamed the Anglo-Saxon tongue,
Our Muse was loved by Laughter from the start,
And wit and humour mingled with the heart.*

*Chaucer the Father of our Verse we hail,
Master supreme of the poetic tale,
Of pathos Prince, of metric music King,
Conscious of quiet fun in everything :
His Pilgrims on their Canterbury ride
Not only horses but the world bestride—
The Knight, the Cook, the Summoner, the Squire,
The Ploughman, Parson, Prioress and Friar,
The Wife of Bath, the Miller and the Monk,
All human souls to pity or debunk.
“Here is God's plenty.” God it was who planned
That mirth and poetry should rule the land.*

*But then a pause : nearly two hundred years
Must pass e'er royal Laughter reappears,
But when it comes again, with what a blaze
It lights the universe in Shakespeare's plays.
Yet Shakespeare's humour and his wit belong
Either to prose or transcendental song,
And only rarely, as in Quince's play,
Descend to verse as verse is turned to-day.*

*Once Milton jested, often Suckling sings,
Cowley and Prior mock the scheme of things ;
Herrick, sweet lord of Devon field and fay,
Hymns home the harvest, and salutes the May ;*

Dryden derides the sophistry and tricks
 Of false religion and of politics ;
 And writing prose was not the only gift,
 As his light verses signify, of Swift.

A fateful year was sixteen-eighty-eight ;
 What voice was this, engendered at that date,
 What shrill, what silver tongue that year was born,
 Which jests superbly, yet which shrieks with scorn,
 Whose laugh is lightning, yet with hate is hoarse,
 Is always virulent yet never coarse ?
 Monkey of Twickenham, whose dazzling pen
 Was once the terror, now delight of men,
 Olympian intellect, Tartarian heart,
 Pope, screaming apex of satiric art.

A gentler voice then rises to assuage
 The tone of temper and the roar of rage—
 Goldsmith who smiles away the stress of strife,
 Conscious of tears that run through human life.
 The modest master of his village school
 Goldsmith himself—no Croesus and no fool.

The art of parody now rises high,
 The flames of Drury Lane have lit the sky ;
 Another's built ; the Management invite
 Poets to celebrate the opening night.
 Of what the poets might have sung, the pith
 Is manufactured by the Brothers Smith :
 Never was better parody effected
 Than the Addresses labelled as Rejected.

Lord Byron rises, Juan roams the world,
 Ironic insults round the globe are hurled,
 Ladies fall prostrate to those gloomy charms,
 Haïdée expires demented in his arms,

*Catharine and Adeline adore the rake,
While Southey and Lord Londonderry quake.
Never was impudence expressed in rhyme
So passionate, so vulgar, so sublime.*

*Meanwhile a verbal turn light verses took,
And men amused themselves with Hood and Hook,
Who fashioned somewhat formidable fun
From that primaevial pestilence, the pun.
But granted punning ever can be good
It triumphs in the art of Hook and Hood.*

*Rich vers de société are then essayed
By an Etonian, Winthrop Mackworth Praed ;
Life from an angle—safe and smart and small—
The hunt, the shoot, the soirée, and the ball,
A life of fashion so secure from shock
That no one even rakes Belinda's lock :
Yet Quince and Vicar—mellow, quaint, and good—
Reveal the poet in a higher mood.*

*Th' immortal Nonsense-verses now appear
Of Lewis Carroll and of Edward Lear :
The first in Alice captures childhood's heart,
And raises Nonsense to the heights of art :
The second weds the poetry of Blake
To Nonsense words inspired for Nonsense' sake.
Gilbert bequeathes his legacy of joy
In Ballads (Bab) and Operas (Savoy),
Master of metre, connoisseur of rhyme,
Artificer of jokes defying Time,
His satire genial, his wit urbane,
Dealer of darts which striking cause no pain,
Combines with Sullivan to interlace
Dramatic humour with melodic grace.*

Light verse undimmed through post-Victorian reigns
Its favour and its artistry maintains :
Weekly his standard Mr. Punch preserves,
Nor from a century's tradition swerves,
Verse of G. K. he claims not, nor Belloc's,
But shines in Herbert and in E. V. Knox,
Seaman, the scholar-patriot (trenchant tongue),
And Milne, the Laureate of the Very Young :
These hand the secrets of their Muses on
To shape the Sub-Man Songs of Barrington.

In vain, in vain, the all-destroying War
Relentless rages over sea and shore.
It comes ! It comes ! the thunder of the Blitz
To grind the banter of our brains to bits.
Moloch besmeared with blood and tears and sweat
Bids Britain's jesters tremble at his threat,
Her Animation perish in the fire,
Hilarity and Levity expire.
But lo ! although destruction rains around,
Thalia, undefeated, stands her ground.
Humour's gay Empire is not driven hence,
Fright dies before her undiminished sense.
Thy Wit, great England, sees the foemen fall,
And universal Laughter comforts all.

G. B.

G E O F F R E Y C H A U C E R

The Nonne Preestes Tale

A POVRE widwe,¹ somdel² stape³ in age,
Was whylom dwelling in a narwe cotage,
Bisyde a grove, stonding in a dale.
This widwe, of which I telle yow my tale,
Sin thilke day that she was last a wyf,
In pacience ladde a ful simple lyf,
For litel was hir catel⁴ and hir rente ;
By housbondrye, of such as God hir sente,
She fond hir-self, and eek hir doghtren two.
Three large sowes hadde she, and namo,
Three kyn, and eek a sheep that highte⁵ Malle,
Ful sooty was hir bour, and eek hir halle,
In which she eet ful many a scлendre meel.
Of poynaunt⁶ sauce hir neded never a deel. . . .

A yerd she hadde, enclosed al aboute
With stikkes, and a drye dich with-oute,
In which she hadde a cok, hight Chauntecleer,
In al the land of crowing nas his peer.
His vois was merier than the mery organ
On messe-dayes that in the chirche gon ;
Wel sikerer⁷ was his crowing in his logge,
Than is a clokke, or an abbey orlogge.⁸
By nature knew he ech ascencioun
Of equinoctal in thilke toun ;
For whan degrees fiftene were ascended,
Thanne crew he, that it mighte nat ben amended.
His comb was redder than the fyn coral,
And batailed, as it were a castel-wal.

¹ Widow. ² Somewhat. ³ Advanced.

⁴ Wealth.

⁵ Called. ⁶ Pungent. ⁷ More to be trusted.

⁸ Clock.

His bile¹ was blak, and as the jeet it shoon ;
 Lyk asur were his legges, and his toon ;²
 His nayles whytter than the lilie flour,
 And lyk the burned gold was his colour.
 This gentil cok hadde in his governaunce
 Sevene hennes, for to doon all his plesaunce,
 Whiche were his sustres and his paramours,
 And wonder lyk to him, as of colours.
 Of whiche the faireste hewed³ on hir throte
 Was cleped⁴ faire damoysle Pertelote.
 Curteys she was, discreet, and debonaire,
 And compaignable, and bar hir-self so faire,
 Sin thilke day that she was seven night old,
 That trewely she hath the herte in hold
 Of Chauntecleer lokens⁵ in every lith⁶ ;
 He loved hir so, that wel was him therwith.
 But such a joye was it to here hem singe,
 Whan that the brighte sonne gan to springe,
 In swete accord, " My lief is faren⁷ in londe."
 For thilke tyme, as I have understande,
 Bestes and briddes coude speke and singe.

And so bifel, that in a daweninge,
 As Chauntecleer among his wyves alle
 Sat on his perche, that was in the halle,
 And next him satt his faire Pertelote,
 This Chauntecleer gan gronen in his throte,
 As man that in his dreem is drecched⁸ sore.
 And whan that Pertelote thus herde him rore,
 She was agast, and seyde, " O herte dere,
 What eyleth yow, to grone in this manere ?
 Ye been a verray sleper, fy for shame ! "
 And he answerde and seyde thus, " Madame,
 I pray yow, that ye take it nat a-grief :
 By God, me mette⁹ I was in swich meschief
 Right now, that yet myn herte is sore afright.
 Now God," quod he, " my swewene recche¹⁰ aright,
 And keep my body out of foul prisoun !

¹ Bill.² Toes.³ Coloured.⁴ Called.⁵ Locked up.⁶ Limb.⁷ Gone.⁸ Troubled.⁹ I dreamt.¹⁰ Troubled dream.

Me mette, how that I romed up and doun
 Withinne our yerde, wher-as I saugh a beste,
 Was lyk an hound, and wolde han maad areste
 Upon my body, and wolde han had me deed.
 His colour was bitwixe yelwe and reed ;
 And tipped was his tail, and bothe his eres,
 With blak, unlyk the remenant of his heres ;
 His snowte smal, with glowinge eyen tweye.
 Yet of his look for fere almost I deye ;
 This caused me my groning, doutelees."

"Avoy!" quod she, "fy on yow, hertelees!
 Allas!" quod she, "for, by that God above,
 Now han ye lost myn herte and al my love ;
 I can nat love a coward, by my feith.
 For certes, what so any womman seith,
 We alle desyren if it mighte be,
 To han housbondes hardy, wyse, and free,
 And secree, and no nigard, ne no fool,
 Ne him that is agast of every tool,
 Ne noon avauntour,¹ by that God above !
 How dorste ye seyn for shame unto your love,
 That any thing mighte make yow aferd ?
 Have ye no mannes herte, and han a berd ?
 'Allas ! and conne ye been agast of svevenis ?²
 No-thing, God wot, but vanitee, in sveven is.
 Svevenes engendren of replecciouns,
 And ofte of fume, and of complecciouns,
 Whan humours been to habundant in a wight.
 Certes this dreem, which ye han met to-night,
 Cometh of the grete superfluitee
 Of youre rede colera, pardee,
 Which causeth folk to dreden in here dremes
 Of arwes,³ and of fyr with rede lemes,⁴
 Of grete bestes, that they wol hem byte. . . .

Lo Catoun, which that was so wys a man,
 Seyde he nat thus, ne do no fors⁵ of dremes ?
 Now, sire," quod she, "whan we flee fro the bemes
 For Goddes love, as tak som laxatyf ;

¹ Boaster.² Dreams.³ Arrows.⁴ Flames.⁵ Take no account.

Up peril of my soule, and of my lyf,
 I counseille yow the beste, I wol nat lye." . . .
 " Madame," quod he, " *grasmt mercy of your lore.*
 But nathelees, as touching daun Catoun,
 That hath of wisdom such a greet renoun,
 Though that he bad no dremes for to drede,
 By God, men may in olde bokes rede
 Of many a man, more of auctoritee
 Than ever Catoun was, so mote I thee,
 That al the revers seyne of his sentence,
 And han wel founden by experience,
 That dremes ben significaciouns,
 As wel of joye as tribulaciouns
 That folk enduren in this lyf present.
 Ther nedeth make of this noon argument ;
 The verray preve sheweth it in dede.

Oon of the gretteste auctours that men rede
 Seith thus, that whylom two felawes wente
 On pilgrimage, in a ful good entente ;
 And happed so, thay come into a toun,
 Wher-as ther was swich congregacioun
 Of peple, and eek so streit¹ of herbergage²
 That they ne founde as muche as o cotage
 In which they bothe mighthe y-logged be.
 Wherefor thay mosten, of necessitee,
 As for that night, departen compaignye ;
 And ech of hem goth to his hostelrye,
 And took his logging as it wolde falle.
 That oon of hem was logged in a stalle,
 Fer in a yerd, with oxen of the plough ;
 That other man was logged wel y-nough.
 As was his aventure, or his fortune,
 That us governeth alle as in commune.

And so bifel, that, longe er it were day,
 This man mette in his bed, ther-as he lay,
 How that his felawe gan up-on him calle,
 And seyde, ' allas ! for in an oxes stalle
 This night I shal be mordred ther I lye.
 Now help me, dere brother, er I dye ;

¹ Scanty.

² Lodging.

In alle haste com to me,' he sayde.
 This man out of his sleep for fere abrayde ;¹
 But whan that he was wakned of his sleep,
 He turned him, and took of this no keep ;
 Him thoughte his dreem nas but a vanitee.
 Thus twȳes in his sleping dremed he.
 And atte thridde tyme yet his felawe
 Cam, as him thoughte, and seide, ' I am now slawe ;
 Bihold my blody woundes, depe and wyde !
 Arys up erly in the morwe²-tyde,
 And at the west gate of the toun,' quod he,
 ' A carte ful of dong ther shaltow see,
 In which my body is hid ful prively ;
 Do thilke carte aresten boldely.
 My gold caused my mordre, sooth to sayn ;'
 And tolde him every poynt how he was slain,
 With a ful pitous face, pale of hewe,
 And truste wel, his dreem he fond ful trewe ;
 For on the morwe, as sone as it was day,
 To his felawes in he took the way ;
 And whan that he cam to this oxes stalle,
 After his felawe he bigan to calle.

The hostiler answered him anon,
 And seyde, ' Sire, your felawe is agon,
 As sone as day he wente out of the toun.'
 This man gan fallen in suspecioun,
 Remembryng on his dremes that he mette,
 And forth he goth, no lenger wolde he lette,³
 Un-to the west gate of the toun, and fond
 A dong-carte, as it were to donge lond,⁴
 That was arrayed in the same wyse .
 As ye han herd the dede man devyse ;
 And with an hardy herte he gan to crye
 Vengeaunce and justice of this felonye :—
 ' My felawe mordred is this same night,
 And in this carte he lyth gapinge upright.
 I crye out on the ministres,' quod he,
 ' That sholden kepe and reulen this citee ;

¹ Started.² Morning.³ Delay.⁴ Land.

Harrow ! allas ! her lyth my felawe slain !
 What sholde I more un-to this tale sayn ?
 The peple out-stertere, and caste the cart to grounde,
 And in the middel of the dong they founde
 The dede man, that mordred was al newe.

O blisful God, that art so just and trewe !
 Lo, how that thou biwreyest mordre alway !
 Mordre wol out, that see we day by day.
 Mordre is so wlatson¹ and abhominable
 To God, that is so just and resonable,
 That he ne wol nat suffre it heled be ;
 Though it abyde a yeer, or two, or three,
 Mordre wol out, this my conclusioun.
 And right anoon, ministres of that toun
 Han hent the carter, and so sore him pyned,²
 And eek the hostiler so sore engyned,³
 That thay biknewe⁴ hir wikkednesse anoon,
 And were an-hanged by the nekke-boon. . . .

Now let us speke of mirthe, and stinte al this ;
 Madame Pertelote, so have I blis,
 Of o thing God hath sent me large grace ;
 For whan I see the beautee of your face,
 Ye ben so scarlet-reed about your yēn,
 It maketh al my drede for to dyen ;
 For, also siker as *In principio,*
Mulier est hominis confusio ;
 Madame, the sentence of this Latin is—
 Womman is mannes joye and al his blis. . . .”

Whan that the month in which the world bigan,
 That highte March, whan God first maked man,
 Was compleet, and passed were also,
 Sin March bigan, thrity dayes and two,
 Bifel that Chauntecleer, in al his prude,
 His seven wyves walking by his syde,
 Caste up his eyen to the brighte sonne,
 That in the signe of Taurus hadde y-ronne
 Twenty degrees and oon, and somewhat more ;
 And knew by kynde,⁵ and by noon other lore,

¹ Heinous.

² Tortured.

³ Racked.

⁴ Confessed.

⁵ Instinct.

That it was pryme, and crew with blisful stevene.¹
 "The sonne," he sayde, "is clommen up on hevene
 Fourty degrees and oon, and more, y-wis.
 Madame Pertelote, my worldes blis,
 Herkneth thise blisful briddes how they singe,
 And see the fresshe floures how they springe ;
 Ful is myn herte of revel and solas."
 But sodeinly him fil a sorweful cas. . . .

A col-fox, ful of sly iniquitee,
 That in the grove hadde woned² yeres three,
 By heigh imaginacioun forn-cast,
 The same night thurgh-out the hegges brast
 Into the yerd, ther Chauntecleer the faire
 Was wont, and eek his wyves, to repaire ;
 And in a bed of wortes³ stille he lay,
 Til it was passed undren⁴ of the day,
 Wayting his tyme on Chauntecleer to falle,
 As gladly doon thise homicydes alle,
 That in awayt liggen to mordre men.
 O false mordrer, lurking in thy den !
 O newe Scariot, newe Genilon !
 False dissimilour, O Greek Sinon,
 That broghtest Troye al outrely⁵ to sorwe !
 O Chauntecleer, acursed be that morwe,
 That thou into that yerd flough fro the bemes !
 Thou were full wel y-warne by thy dremes,
 That thilke day was perilous to thee. . . .

Faire in the sond, to bathe hir merily,
 Lyth Pertelote, and alle hir sustres by,
 Agayn the sonne ; and Chauntecleer so free
 Song merier than the mermayde in the see ;
 For Phisiologus seith sikerly⁶
 How that they singen wel and merily.
 And so bifel that, as he caste his yē,
 Among the wortes, on a boterflye,
 He was war of this fox that lay ful lowe.
 No-thing ne liste him thanne for to crowe,
 But cryde anon, "Cok, cok," and up he sterte,

¹ Voice.⁴ Noon.² Dwelt.⁵ Utterly.³ Herbs.⁶ Certainly.

As man that was affrayed in his herte,
 For naturelly a beest desyreth flee
 Fro his contrarie,¹ if he may it see,
 Though he never erst had seyn it with his yē.

This Chauntecleer, whan he gan him espye,
 He wolde han fled, but that the fox anon
 Seyde, " Gentil sire, allas ! wher wol ye gon ?
 Be ye affrayed of me that am your freend ?
 Now certes, I were worse than a feend,
 If I to yow wolde harm or vicleinye.
 I am nat come your counsel for t'espyle ;
 But trewely, the cause of my cominge
 Was only for to herkne how that ye singe.
 For trewely ye have as mery a stevene
 As eny aungel hath, that is in hevene ;
 Therwith ye han in musik more felinge
 Than hadde Boëce or any that can singe.
 My lord your fader (God his soule blesse !)
 And eek your moder, of hir gentilesse,
 Han in myn hous y-been, to my gret ese ;
 And certes, sire, ful fayn wolde I yow plesе.
 But for men speke of singing, I wol saye,
 So mote I brouke² wel myn eyen tweye,
 Save yow, I herde never man so singe,
 As dide your fader in the morweninge ;
 Certes, it was of herte, al that he song.
 And for to make his voys the more strong,
 He wolde so peyne him, that with bothe his yēn
 He moste winke, so loude he wolde cryen,
 And stonden on his tiptoon ther-with-al,
 And strecche forth his nekke long and smal.
 And eek he was of swich discrecioun,
 That ther nas no man in no regioun
 That him in song or wisdom myghte passee.
 But certeyn, ther nis no comparisoun
 Bitwix the wisdom and discrecioun
 Of youre fader, and of his subtiltee.
 Now singeth, sire, for seinte Charitee,
 Let see, conne ye your fader countrefete ? "

¹ Opponent.² Enjoy.

This Chauntecleer his winges gan to bete,
As man that coude his tresoun nat espye,
Sō was he ravisshed with his flaterye.

Allas ! ye lordes, many a fals flatour
Is in your courtes, and many a losengeour,¹
That plesen yow wel more, by my feith,
Than he that soothfastnesse unto yow seith.
Redeth Ecclesiaste of flaterye ;
Beth war,² ye lordes, of hir trecherye.

This Chauntecleer stood hye up-on his toos,
Strecching his nekke, and heeld his eyen cloos,
And gan to crowe loude for the nones ;³
And daun Russel the fox sterte up at ones,
And by the gargat⁴ hente⁵ Chauntecleer,
And on his bak toward the wode him beer,
For yet ne was ther no man that him sewed.
O destinee, that mayst nat been eschewed !
Allas, that Chauntecleer fleigh fro the bemes !
Allas, his wyf ne roghte nat of dremes !
And on a Friday fil al this meschaunce. . . .

Certes, swich cry ne lamentacioun
Was never of ladies maad, whan Ilioun
Was wonne, and Pirrus with his streite sword,
Whan he hadd hent king Priam by the berd,
And slain him (as saith us *Eneydos*),
As maden alle the hennes in the clos,
Whan they had seyn of Chauntecleer the sighte. . . .

This sely⁶ widwe, and eek hir doghtres two,
Herden thise hennes crye and maken wo,
And out at dores sterten they anoon,
And syen the fox toward the grove goon,
And bar upon his bak the cok away ;
And cryden, " Out ! harrow ! and weylaway !
Ha, ha, the fox ! " and after him they ran,
And eek with staves many another man ;
Ran Colle our dogge, and Talbot and Gerland,
And Malkin, with a distaf in hir hand ;
Ran cow and calf, and eek the verray hogges

¹ Flatterer. ² Beware. ³ On the spur of the moment
⁴ Throat. ⁵ Seized. ⁶ Poor.

So were they fered for betking of the dogges
 And shouting of the men and wimmen eke,
 They ronne so, hem thoughte hir herte breke.
 They yelleden as feendes doon in helle ;
 The dokes cryden as men wolde hem quelle ;
 The gees for fere flownen over the trees ;
 Out of the hyve cam the swarm of bees ;
 So hidous was the noyse, *a benedicite !*
 Certes, he Jakke Straw, and his meynee,²
 Ne made never shoutes half so shrille,
 Whan that they wolden any Fleming kille,
 As thilke day was maad upon the fox.
 Of bras they broghten bernes, and of box,
 Of horn, of boon, in whiche they blewe and pouped,
 And therwithal thay shryked and they houped ;
 It semed as that heven sholde falle.

Now, gode men, I pray yow herkneth alle !
 Lo, how Fortune turneth sodeinly
 The hope and pryd eek of her enemy !
 This cok, that lay upon the foxes bak,
 In al his drede, un-to the fox he spak,
 And seyde, " Sire, if that I were as ye,
 Yet sholde I seyn (as wis God helpe me),
 Turneth agayn, ye proude cherles alle !
 A verray pestilence up-on yow falle !
 Now am I come un-to this wodes syde,
 Maugree³ your heed, the cok shal heer abyde ;
 I wol him ete in feith, and that anon."—
 The fox answerde, " In feith, it shall be don,"—
 And as he spak that word, al sodeinly
 This cok brak from his mouth deliverly,
 And heighe up-on a tree he fleigh anon.
 And whan the fox saugh that he was y-gon,
 " Allas ! " quod he, " O Chauntecleer, allas !
 I have to yow," quod he, " y-doон trespass,
 In-as-muche as I maked yow aferd,
 Whan I yow hente, and broghte out of the yerd ;
 But, sire, I dide it in no wikke entente ;
 Com doun, and I shal telle yow what I mente.

¹ Kill.² Crew.³ In spite of.

I shal seye sooth to yow, God help me so."

" Nay than," quod he, " I shrewe¹ us bothe two,
And first I shrewe my-self, bothe blood and bones,
If thou bigyle me ofter than ones.

Thou shalt na-more, thurgh thy flaterye,
Do me to singe and winke with my yē.

For he that winketh, whan he sholde see,
Al wilfully, God lat him never thee!"

" Nay," quod the fox, " but God yeve him meschaunce,
That is so undiscreet of governaunce,
That jangleth whan he sholde holde his peers."

Lo, swich it is for to be recchelees,

And necligent, and truste on flaterye.

But ye that holden this tale a folye,

As of a fox, or of a cok and hen,

Taketh the moralitee, good men.

For Seint Paul seith, that al that writen is,

To our doctryne it is y-write, y-wis.

Taketh the fruyt, and lat the chaf be stille.

Now, gode God, if that be thy wille,
As seith my lord, so make us alle good men ;
And bringe us to his heighe blisse. Amen.

(From *The Canterbury Tales*)

¹ Curse.

JOHN SKELTON

Lament for Philip Sparrow

(*Lament by Jane Scroupe that her pet has been killed by a cat*)

WHEN I remember again
How my Philip was slain,
Never half the pain
Was between you twain,
Pyramus and Thisbe,
As then befell to me :
I wept and I wailed,
The tears down hailed ;
But nothing it availed
To call Philip again,
Whom Gib our cat hath slain ;
Gib, I say, our cat,
Worried her on that
Which I loved best :
It cannot be expressed
My sorrowful heaviness,
But all without redress ;
For within that stounde,¹
Half slumbering, in a swound
I fell down to the ground.

It was so pretty a fool,
It would sit on a stool.
It had a velvet cap,
And would sit on my lap,
And seek after small worms,
And sometimes white bread crumbs ;
And many times and oft

¹ Moment.

Between my breasts soft
 It would lie and rest ;
 It was pretty and prest.¹
 Sometimes he would gasp
 When he saw a wasp ;
 A fly or a gnat,
 He would fly at that ;
 And prettily he would pant
 When he saw an ant ;
 Lord, how he would pry
 After a butterfly !
 Lord, how he would hop
 After the grasshop !
 And when I said Phyp ! Phyp !
 Then he would leap and skip
 And take me by the lip.
 Alas it will me slay
 That Philip is gone away.

Vengeance I ask and cry,
 By way of exclamation
 On all the whole nation
 Of cats wild and tame ;
 God send them sorrow and shame !
 That cat specially
 That slew so cruelly
 The little pretty sparrow
 That I brought up at Carrow.

O cat of churlish kind,
 The fiend was in thy mind
 When thou my bird untwind !
 I would thou hadst been blind !
 The leopards savage,
 The lions in their rage,
 Might catch thee in their paws,
 And gnaw thee in their jaws !
 The serpents of Libany
 Might sting thee venomously !
 The dragons with their tongues
 Might poison thy liver and lungs !

¹ Dainty.

The manticores¹ of the mountains
 Might feed them on thy brains !
 Melanchates, that hound
 That plucked Actaeon to the ground,
 Gave him his mortal wound,
 Changed to a deer ;
 The story doth appear
 Was changed to a hart :
 So thou, foul cat that thou art,
 The self same hound
 Might thee confound,
 That his own lord bote,²
 Might bite asunder thy throat !
 Of Arcady the bears
 Might pluck away thy ears !
 The wild wolf Lycaon
 Bite asunder thy back-bone !
 Of Etna the burning hill,
 That day and night burneth still,
 Set in thy tail a blaze,
 That all the world may gaze
 And wonder upon thee,
 From Ocean the great sea
 Unto isles of Orkney,
 From Tilbury ferry
 To the plain of Salisbury !
 So traitorously my bird to kill
 That never owed thee evil will !
 Was never bird in cage
 More gentle of courage
 In doing his homage
 Unto his sovereign.
 Alas, I say again,
 Death has parted us twain !
 The false cat hath thee slain :
 Farewell, Philip, adieu !
 Our Lord thy soul rescue !
 Farewell for evermore.

¹ Fabulous man-eating monsters with human head, lion's body, and dragon's tail.

² Bit.

GEORGE GASCOIGNE

Lover's Lullaby

SING lullaby, as women do,
Wherewith they bring their babes to rest ;
And lullaby can I sing too,
As womanly as can the best.
With lullaby they still the child ;
And if I be not much beguiled,
Full many a wanton babe have I,
Which must be still'd with lullaby.

First lullaby my youthful years,
It is now time to go to bed :
For crookèd age and hoary hairs
Have won the haven within my head.
With lullaby, then, youth be still ;
With lullaby content thy will ;
Since courage quails and comes behind,
Go sleep, and so beguile thy mind !

Next lullaby my gazing eyes,
Which wonted were to glance apace ;
For every glass may now suffice
To show the furrows in thy face.
With lullaby then sleep awhile ;
With lullaby your looks beguile ;
Let no fair face, nor beauty bright,
Entice you eft with vain delight.

And lullaby my wanton will ;
Let reason's rule now reign thy thought ;
Since all too late I find by skill
How dear I have thy fancies bought ;

With lullaby now take thine ease,
With lullaby thy doubts appease ;
For trust to this, if thou be still,
My body shall obey thy will.

Thus lullaby my youth, mine eyes,
 My will, my ware, and all that was :
I can no more delays devise ;
 But welcome pain, let pleasure pass.
With lullaby now take your leave ;
With lullaby your dreams deceive ;
And when you rise with waking eye,
Remember then this lullaby.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH

The Wood, the Weed, the Wag

THREE things there be that prosper all apace,
And flourish while they are asunder far ;
But on a day, they meet all in a place,
And when they meet, they one another mar.

And they be these : the Wood, the Weed, the Wag :
The Wood is that that makes the gallows tree ;
The Weed is that that strings the hangman's bag ;
The Wag, my pretty knave, betokens thee.

Now mark, dear boy, while these assemble not,
Green springs the tree, hemp grows, the Wag is wild
But when they meet, it makes the timber rot,
It frets the halter, and it chokes the child.

God Bless the Child !

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY

Sleep, Baby mine

SLEEP, Baby mine, Desire's nurse, Beauty, singeth ;
Thy cries, O baby, set mine head on aching.
The babe cries, " 'Way, thy love doth keep me waking."

Lully, lully, my babe, Hope cradle bringeth
Unto my children alway good rest taking.
The babe cries, " 'Way, thy love doth keep me waking."

Since, Baby mine, from me thy watching springeth,
Sleep then a little ; pap, Content is making.
The babe cries, " Nay, for that abide I waking."

SIR JOHN HARINGTON

Of Treason

TREASON doth never prosper ; what's the reason ?
For if it prosper, none dare call it treason.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

A Tedious Brief Scene

Flourish of Trumpets. Enter QUINCE for the Prologue.

Prologue. If we offend, it is with our good will.

That you should think, we come not to offend,
But with good will. To show our simple skill,

That is the true beginning of our end.

Consider then we come but in despite.

We do not come as minding to content you,
Our true intent is. All for your delight,

We are not here. That you should here repent you,
The actors are at hand ; and, by their show,
You shall know all that you are like to know.

Enter PYRAMUS and THISBE, WALL, MOONSHINE and LION,
as in dumb show.

Prologue. Gentles, perchance you wonder at this show ;

But wonder on, till truth make all things plain.

This man is Pyramus, if you would know ;

This beauteous lady Thisby is, certain.

This man, with lime and rough-cast, doth present

Wall, that vile Wall which did these lovers sunder ;
And through Wall's chink, poor souls, they are content

To whisper, at the which let no man wonder.

This man, with lanthorn, dog, and bush of thorn,

Presenteth Moonshine ; for, if you will know,
By moonshine did these lovers think no scorn

To meet at Ninus' tomb, there, there to woo.

This grisly beast, which Lion hight by name,

The trusty Thisby, coming first by night,
Did scare away, or rather did affright ;

And, as she fled, her mantle she did fall,

Which Lion vile with bloody mouth did stain.
Anon comes Pyramus, sweet youth and tall,

And finds his trusty Thisby's mantle slain :
Whereat, with blade, with bloody blameful blade,

He bravely broach'd his boiling bloody breast ;
And Thisby, tarrying in mulberry shade,

His dagger drew, and died. For all the rest,
Let Lion, Moonshine, Wall, and lovers twain,
At large discourse, while here they do remain.

[*Exeunt PROLOGUE, PYRAMUS, THISBE, LION
and MOONSHINE.*

Wall. In this same interlude it doth befall
That I, one Snout by name, present a wall ;
And such a wall, as I would have you think,
That had in it a crannied hole or chink,
Through which the lovers, Pyramus and Thisby,
Did whisper often very secretly.

This loam, this rough-cast, and this stone doth show
That I am that same wall ; the truth is so ;
And this the cranny is, right and sinister,
Through which the fearful lovers are to whisper.

Re-enter PYRAMUS.

Pyramus. O grim-look'd night ! O night with hue so
black !

O night, which ever art when day is not !
O night ! O night ! alack, alack, alack !

I fear my Thisby's promise is forgot.
And thou, O wall ! O sweet, O lovely wall !

That stand'st between her father's ground and mine ;
Thou wall, O wall ! O sweet, and lovely wall !

Show me thy chink to blink through with mine eyne.

[*WALL holds up his fingers.*

Thanks, courteous wall : Jove shield thee well for this !
But what see I ? No Thisby do I see.

O wicked wall ! through whom I see no bliss ;
Curs'd be thy stones for thus deceiving me !

Re-enter THISBE.

Thisbe. O wall ! full often hast thou heard my moans,
For parting my fair Pyramus and me :

My cherry lips have often kiss'd thy stones,
Thy stones with lime and hair knit up in thee.

Pyramus. I see a voice : now will I to the chink,
To spy an I can hear my Thisby's face.

Thisby !

Thisbe. My love ! thou art my love, I think.

Pyramus. Think what thou wilt, I am thy lover's grace ;
And, like Limander, am I trusty still.

Thisbe. And I like Helen, till the Fates me kill.

Pyramus. Not Shafalus to Procrus was so true.

Thisbe. As Shafalus to Procrus, I to you.

Pyramus. O ! kiss me through the hole of this vile wall.

Thisbe. I kiss the wall's hole, not your lips at all.

Pyramus. Wilt thou at Ninny's tomb meet me straight-way ?

Thisbe. 'Tide life, 'tide death, I come without delay.

[*Exeunt PYRAMUS and THISBE.*]

Wall. Thus have I, Wall, my part discharged so ;

And, being done, thus Wall away doth go. [Exit.]

Re-enter LION and MOONSHINE.

Lion. You, ladies, you, whose gentle hearts do fear

The smallest monstrous mouse that creeps on floor,
May now perchance both quake and tremble here,

When lion rough in wildest rage doth roar.

Then know that I, one Snug the joiner, am

A lion-fell, nor else no lion's dam :

For, if I should as lion come in strife

Into this place, 'twere pity on my life.

Moon. This lanthorn doth the horned moon present ;
Myself the man i' the moon do seem to be.

Re-enter THISBE.

Thisbe. This is old Ninny's tomb. Where is my love ?

Lion [roaring]. Oh—. [*THISBE runs off. The LION shakes THISBE'S mantle, and exit.*]

Re-enter PYRAMUS.

Pyramus. Sweet moon, I thank thee for thy sunny
beams ;

I thank thee, moon, for shining now so bright,

For, by thy gracious, golden, glittering gleams,
I trust to taste of truest Thisby's sight.

But stay, O spite !

But mark, poor knight,

What dreadful dole is here !

Eyes, do you see ?

How can it be ?

O dainty duck ! O dear !

Thy mantle good,

What ! stain'd with blood !

Approach, ye Furies fell !

O Fates, come, come,

Cut thread and thrum ;

Quail, crush, conclude, and quell !

Oh ! wherefore, Nature, didst thou lions frame ?

Since lion vile hath here deflower'd my dear ?

Which is—no, no—which was the fairest dame

That liv'd, that lov'd, that lik'd, that look'd with
cheer.

Come tears, confound ;

Out, sword, and wound

The pap of Pyramus :

Ay, that left pap,

Where heart doth hop :

Thus die I, thus, thus, thus.

[*Stabs himself.*

Now am I dead,

Now am I fled ;

My soul is in the sky :

Tongue, lose thy light !

Moon, take thy flight !

[*Exit MOONSHINE.*

Now, die, die, die, die, die.

[*Dies.*

Re-enter THISBE

Thisbe. Asleep, my love ?

What dead, my dove ?

O Pyramus, arise !

Speak, speak ! Quite dumb ?

Dead, dead ! A tomb

Must cover thy sweet eyes.

These lily lips,
This cherry nose,
These yellow cowslip checks,
Are gone, are gone :
Lovers, make moan !
His eyes were green as leeks.
O, Sisters Three,
Come, come to me,
With hands as pale as milk ;
Lay them in gore,
Since you have shore
With shears his thread of silk.
Tongue, not a word :
Come, trusty sword :
Come, blade, my breast imbrue : [Stabs herself.
And farewell, friends ;
Thus Thisby ends :
Adieu, adieu, adieu. [Dies.]

(From *A Midsummer Night's Dream*)

S A M U E L R O W L A N D S

The Conjuror Cozened

A SHIFTING knave about the town
Did challenge wondrous skill :
To tell men's fortunes and good haps,
He had the stars at will.
What day was best to travel on,
Which fit to choose a wife ;
If violent or natural
A man should end his life ;
Success of any suit in law,
Which party's cause prevails ;
When it is good to pick one's teeth
And ill to pare one's nails.
So cunningly he played the knave
That he deluded many,
With shifting, base, and cozening tricks ;
For skill he had not any.

Amongst a crew of simple gulls,
That plied him to their cost,
A Butcher comes and craves his help,
That had some cattle lost.
Ten groats he gave him for his fee,
And he to conjure goes
With characters and vocables,
And divers antique shows.
The Butcher in a beastly fear
Expected spirits still,
And wished himself within his shop
Some sheep or calf to kill.
At length out of an old blind hole

Behind a painted cloth
 A Devil comes with roaring voice
 Seeming exceeding wroth.
 With squibs and crackers round about
 Wild fire he did send,
 Which swaggering Ball, the Butcher's dog,
 So highly did offend
 That he upon the Devil flies,
 And shakes his horns so sore,
 Even like an ox, most terrible
 He made hobgoblin roar.
 The cunning man cries, "For God's love help,
 Unto your mastiff call!"
 "Fight dog, fight Devil!" Butcher said,
 And claps his hands at Ball.
 The dog most cruelly tore his flesh,
 The Devil went to wrack,
 And lookèd like a tattered rogue
 With ne'er a rag on's back.
 "Give me my money back again,
 Thou slave," the Butcher said,
 "Or I will see your Devil's heart
 Before he can be laid:
 He gets not back again to hell,
 Ere I my money have,
 And I will have some interest too
 Besides mine own I gave.
 Deliver first my own ten groats,
 And then a crown to boot:
 I smell your Devil's knavery out:
 He wants a cloven foot."

The Conjurer with all his heart
 The money back repays,
 And gives five shillings of his own:
 To whom the Butcher says,
 "Farewell, most scurvy Conjurer,
 Think on my valiant deed,
 Which has done more than English George,
 That made the Dragon bleed:

He and his horse, the story tells,
Did but a serpent slay :
I and my dog the Devil spoiled :
We two have got the day."

JOHN DONNE

The Bait

COME live with me, and be my love,
And we will some new pleasures prove
Of golden sands, and crystal brooks,
With silken lines and silver hooks.

There will the river whispering run
Warmed by thy eyes more than the sun ;
And there the enamoured fish will stay,
Begging themselves they may betray.

When thou wilt swim in that live bath,
Each fish, which every channel hath,
Will amorously to thee swim,
Gladder to catch thee than thou him.

If thou, to be so seen, beest loath,
By sun or moon, thou darkenest both,
And if myself have leave to see,
I need not their light, having thee.

Let others freeze with angling reeds,
And cut their legs with shells and weeds,
Or treacherously poor fish beset
With strangling snare, or windowy net.

Let coarse bold hands from slimy nest
The bedded fish in banks out-wrest ;
Or curious traitors, sleeve-silk flies,
Bewitch poor fishes' wandering eyes.

For thee, thou need'st no such deceit,
For thou thyself art thine own bait :
That fish, that is not catched thereby,
Alas ! is wiser far than I.

GEORGE WITHER

Shall I, wasting in despair

SHALL I, wasting in despair,
Die because a woman's fair?
Or make pale my cheeks with care
'Cause another's rosy are?
Be she fairer than the day,
Or the flowery meads in May,
If she be not so to me,
What care I how fair she be?

Should my heart be grieved or pined
'Cause I see a woman kind?
Or a well-disposèd nature
Joinèd with a lovely feature?
Be she meeker, kinder than
Turtle-dove, or pelican,
If she be not so to me,
What care I how kind she be?

Shall a woman's virtues move
Me to perish for her love?
Or her well-deserving, known,
Make me quite forget my own?
Be she with that goodness blest
Which may gain her name of best,
If she be not such to me,
What care I how good she be?

'Cause her fortune seems too high,
Shall I play the fool, and die?
Those that bear a noble mind,
Where they want of riches find,

Think what with them they would do
That without them dare to woo ;
And unless that mind I see,
What care I though great she be ?

Great, or good, or kind, or fair,
I will ne'er the more despair :
If she love me, this believe
I will die ere she shall grieve :
If she slight me when I woo,
I can scorn and let her go ;
For if she be not for me,
What care I for whom she be ?

BEN JONSON

Answer to Master Wither's Song

SHALL I mine affections slack,
'Cause I see a woman's black ?
Or myself with care cast down,
'Cause I see a woman's brown ?
Be she blacker than the night,
Or the blackest jet in sight,
If she be not so to me,
What care I how black she be ?

Shall my foolish heart be burst,
'Cause I see a woman's curst ?
Or a thwarting hoggish nature
Joinèd in as bad a feature ?
Be she curst or fiercer than
Brutish beast, or savage man,
If she be not so to me,
What care I how curst she be ?

Shall a woman's vices make
Me her vices quite forsake ?
Or her faults to me made known,
Make me think that I have none ?
Be she of the most accurst,
And deserve the name of worst,
If she be not so to me,
What care I how bad she be ?

'Cause her fortunes seem too low,
Shall I therefore let her go ?
He that bears an humble mind
And with riches can be kind,

Think how kind a heart he'd have,
If he were some servile slave :
And if that same mind I see,
What care I how poor she be ?

Poor, or bad, or curst, or black,
I will ne'er the more be slack.
If she hate me (then believe !)
She shall die ere I will grieve.
If she like me when I woo,
I can like and love her too :
If that she be fit for me,
What care I what others be ?

ROBERT HERRICK

Oberon's Feast

A LITTLE mushroom table spread,
After short prayers they set on bread ;
A moon-parched grain of purest wheat,
With some small glittering grit to eat
His choice bits with ; then in a trice
They make a feast less great than nice.
But all this while his eye is serv'd,
. We must not think his ear was starv'd :
But that there was in place to stir
His spleen, the chirring Grasshopper ;
The merry Cricket, puling Fly,
The piping Gnat for minstrelsy.
And now, we must imagine first,
The Elves present to quench his thirst
A pure seed-pearl of infant dew,
Brought and besweetened in a blue
And pregnant violet ; which done,
His kittenish eyes begin to run
Quite through the table, where he spies
The horns of papery Butterflies,
Of which he eats, and tastes a little
Of that we call the Cuckoo's spittle.
A little puffball pudding stands
By, yet not blessèd by his hands,
That was too coarse ; but then forthwith
He ventures boldly on the pith
Of sugared rush, and eats the sagg¹
And well bestruttred² Bee's sweet bag :
Gladding his palate with some store

¹ Laden.

² Swollen.

Of Emmets' eggs ; what would he more ?
 But beards of Mice, a Newt's stewed thigh,
 A bloated Earwig, and a Fly ;
 With the red-capt worm, that's shut
 Within the concave of a nut,
 Brown as his tooth. A little Moth,
 Late fatted in a piece of cloth :
 With withered cherries ; Mandrake's ears ;
 Mole's eyes ; to these, the slain Stag's tears :
 The unctuous dewlaps of a Snail ;
 The broke-heart of a Nightingale
 O'ercome in music ; with a wine,
 Ne'er ravished from the flattering vine,
 But gently press'd from the soft side
 Of the most sweet and dainty Bride,
 Brought in a dainty daisy, which
 He fully quaffs up to bewitch
 His blood to height ; this done commended
 Grace by his Priest. The feast is ended.

*A Ternary of Littles, upon a Pipkin
 of Jelly sent to a Lady*

A LITTLE Saint best fits a little shrine,
 A little prop best fits a little vine,
 As my small cruse best fits my little wine.

A little seed best fits a little soil,
 A little trade best fits a little toil :
 As my small jar best fits my little oil.

A little bin best fits a little bread,
 A little garland fits a little head :
 As my small stuff best fits my little' shed.

A little hearth best fits a little fire,
 A little chapel fits a little choir,
 As my small bell best fits my little spire. .

A little stream best fits a little boat ;
 A little lead best fits a little float ;
 As my small pipe best fits my little note.

A little meat best fits a little belly,
 As sweetly, Lady, give me leave to tell ye,
 This little pipkin fits this little jelly.

Harvest Home

COME, sons of summer, by whose toil
 We are the lords of wine and oil :
 By whose tough labours, and rough hands,
 We rip up first, then reap our lands.
 Crown'd with the ears of corn, now come,
 And, to the pipe, sing harvest home.
 Come forth, my lord, and see the cart
 Drest up with all the country art.
 See, here a maukin,¹ there a sheet
 As spotless pure as it is sweet :
 The horses, mares, and frisking fillies,
 Clad all in linen, white as lillies.
 The harvest swains and wenches bound
 For joy, to see the hock-cart² crown'd.
 About the cart, hear, how the rout
 Of rural younglings raise the shout ;
 Pressing before, some coming after,
 Those with a shout, and these with laughter.
 Some bless the cart ; some kiss the sheaves ;
 Some prank them up with oaken leaves :
 Some cross the shaft horse ; some with great
 Devotion stroke the home-borne wheat,
 While other rustics, less attent
 To prayers than to merriment,
 Run after with their breeches rent.
 Well, on, brave boys, to your lord's hearth,
 Glitt'ring with fire ; where, for your mirth,
 Ye shall see first the large and chief.

¹ Cloth.

² Last cart loaded at harvest.

Foundation of your feast, fat beef :
 With upper stories, mutton, veal
 And bacon (which makes full the meal)
 With sev'ral dishes standing by,
 As here a custard, there a pie,
 And here all tempting frumenty.¹
 And for to make the merry cheer,
 If smirking wine be wanting here,
 There's that which drowns all care, stout beer ;
 Which freely drink to your lord's health,
 Then to the plough (the commonwealth) :
 Next to your flails, your fanes, your vats ;
 Then to the maids with wheaten hats :
 To the rough sickle, and crook'd scythe,
 Drink, frolic boys, till all be blithe.
 Feed, and grow fat ; and, as ye eat,
 Be mindful that the lab'ring neat
 (As you) may have their fill of meat.
 And know, besides, ye must revoke²
 The patient ox unto the yoke,
 And all go back unto the plough
 And harrow (though they're hang'd up now).
 And, you must know, your lord's word's true,
 Feed him ye must, whose food fills you ;
 And that this pleasure is like rain,
 Not sent ye for to drown your pain,
 But for to make it spring again.

¹ Wheat boiled in milk. ² Call back.

JOHN MILTON

On the University Carrier

*who sickened in the time of his Vacancy, being forbid to go to
London by reason of the Plague*

HERE lies old Hobson. Death hath broke his girt,
And here, alas, hath laid him in the dirt ;
Or else the ways being foul, twenty to one,
He's here stuck in a slough and overthrown.
'Twas such a shifter that, if truth were known,
Death was half glad when he had got him down ;
For he had any time this ten years full
Dodg'd with him betwixt Cambridge and *The Bull*.
And surely, Death could never have prevail'd,
Had not his weekly course of carriage fail'd ;
But lately, finding him so long at home,
And thinking now his journey's end was come,
And that he ha*i* ta'en up his latest inn,
In the kind office of a chamberlin
Shew'd him his room where he must lodge that night,
Pull'd off his boots, and took away the light.
If any ask for him, it shall be said,
Hobson has supp'd, and's newly gone to bed.'

SIR JOHN SUCKLING

Love and Debt

THIS one request I make to him that sits the clouds above ;
That I were freely out of debt, as I am out of love.
Then for to dance, to drink, and sing, I should be very
willing ;
I should not owe one lass a kiss, nor ne'er a knave a
shilling.

'Tis only being in love and debt, that breaks us of our
rest ;
And he that is quite out of both, of all the world is blessed.
He sees the golden age, wherein all things were free and
common ;
He eats, he drinks, he takes his rest, he fears no man nor
woman.

A B R A H A M C O W L E Y

Drinking

THE thirsty earth soaks up the rain,
And drinks, and gapes for drink again.
The plants suck in the earth, and are
With constant drinking fresh and fair ;
The sea itself—which one would think
Should have but little need of drink—
Drinks ten thousand rivers up,
So filled that they o'erflow the cup.
The busy sun—and one would guess
By 's drunken fiery face no less—
Drinks up the sea, and when he's done,
The moon and stars drink up the sun :
They drink and dance by their own light,
They drink and revel all the night.
Nothing in nature 's sober found,
But an eternal health goes round.
Fill up the bowl then, fill it high,
Fill up the glasses there ; for why
Should every creature drink but I ;
Why, man of morals, tell me why ?

JOHN BUNYAN

The Child and the Bird

My little bird, how canst thou sit
And sing amidst so many thorns ?
Let me but hold upon thee get,
My love with honour thee adorns.

Thou art at present little worth,
Five farthings none will give for thee ;
But prithee, little bird, come forth,
Thou of more value art to me.

'Tis true it is sun-shine to-day,
To-morrow birds will have a storm ;
My pretty one, come thou away,
My bosom then shall keep thee warm.

Thou subject art to cold o' nights
When darkness is thy covering,
At days thy danger's great by kites ;
How canst thou then sit there and sing ?

Thy food is scarce and scanty too,
'Tis worms and trash which thou dost eat ;
Thy present state I pity do,
Come, I'll provide thee better meat.

I'll feed thee with white bread and milk,
And sugar-plums, if them thou crave ;
I'll cover thee with finest silk,
That from the cold I may thee save.

My father's palace shall be thine,
Yea, in it thou shalt sit and sing ;
My little bird, if thou'l be mine,
The whole year round shall be thy spring.

I'll teach thee all the notes at court ;
Unthought-of music thou shalt play ;
And all that thither do resort
Shall praise thee for it every day.

I'll keep thee safe from cat and cur,
No manner o' harm shall come to thee ;
Yea, I will be thy succourer,
My bosom shall thy cabin be.

But lo ! behold, the bird is gone ;
These charmings would not make her yield :
The child's left at the bush alone,
The bird flies yonder o'er the field.

JOHN DRYDEN

Zimri

(*The Duke of Buckingham*)

SOME of their chiefs were princes of the land ;
In the first rank of these did Zimri stand,
A man so various that he seemed to be
Not one, but all mankind's epitome :
Stiff in opinions, always in the wrong,
Was everything by starts and nothing long ;
But in the course of one revolving moon
Was chymist, fiddler, statesman, and buffoon ;
Then all for women, painting, rhyming, drinking,
Besides ten thousand freaks that died in thinking.
Blest madman, who could every hour employ
With something new to wish or to enjoy !
Railing and praising were his usual themes,
And both, to show his judgement, in extremes :
So over violent or over civil,
That every man with him was God or Devil.
In squandering wealth was his peculiar art ;
Nothing went unrewarded but desert.
Beggared by fools, whom still he found too late,
He had his jest, and they had his estate.
He laughed himself from court ; then sought relief
By forming parties, but could ne'er be chief :
For spite of him, the weight of business fell
On Absalom and wise Achitophel ;
Thus wicked but in will, of means bereft,
He left not faction, but of that was left.

(From *Absalom and Achitophel*)

Fair Iris I love

FAIR Iris I love and hourly I die,
But not for a lip, nor a languishing eye ;
She's fickle and false, and there I agree,
For I am as false and as fickle as she ;
We neither believe what either can say,
And neither believing, we neither betray.

'Tis civil to swear, and to say things of course ;
We mean not the taking for better or worse.
When present we love, when absent agree ;
I think not of Iris, nor Iris of me :
The legend of Love no couple can find
So easy to part, or so equally joined.

CHARLES SACKVILLE, EARL OF
DORSET

Dorinda

DORINDA's sparkling wit and eyes
United cast too fierce a light,
Which blazes high, but quickly dies ;
Pains not the heart, but hurts the sight.

Love is a calmer, gentler joy ;
Smooth are his looks, and soft his pace ;
Her Cupid is a blackguard boy,
That runs his link full in your face.

JOHN WILMOT, EARL OF
· ROCHESTER

Epitaph on Charles II

HERE lies our Sovereign Lord the King,
Whose word no man relies on,
Who never said a foolish thing,
Nor ever did a wise one.

A N O N Y M O U S

An Old Soldier of the Queen's

Of an old Soldier of the Queen's,
With an old motley coat, and a malmsey nose,
And an old jerkin that's out at the elbows,
And an old pair of boots, drawn on without hose,
Stuft with rags instead of toes ;
And an old Soldier of the Queen's,
And the Queen's old Soldier.

With an old rusty sword that's hackt with blows,
And an old dagger to scare away the crows,
And an old horse that reels as he goes,
And an old saddle that no man knows,
And an old Soldier of the Queen's,
And the Queen's old Soldier.

With his old wounds, in eighty-eight,
Which he recover'd, at Tilbury fight ;
With an old passport that never was read,
That in his old travels stood him in great stead ;
And an old Soldier of the Queen's,
And the Queen's old Soldier.

With his old gun, and his bandoliers,
And an old head-piece to keep warm his ears,
With an old shirt is grown to wrack,
With a huge louse, with a great list on his back,
Is able to carry a pedlar and his pack ;
And an old Soldier of the Queen's,
And the Queen's old Soldier.

With an old quean to lie by his side,
That in old time had been pockif'd ;
He's now rid to Bohemia to fight with his foes,
And he swears by his valour he'll have better clothes,
Or else he'll lose legs, arms, fingers, and toes,
And he'll come again, when no man knows,
 And an old Soldier of the Queen's,
 And the Queen's old Soldier.

WILLIAM WALSH

The Despairing Lover

Distracted with care
For Phyllis the fair,
Since nothing could move her,
Poor Damon her lover
Resolves in despair
No longer to languish,
Nor bear so much anguish :
But, mad with his love,
To a precipice goes ;
Where a leap from above
Would soon finish his woes.
When in rage he came there,
Beholding how steep
The sides did appear,
And the bottom how deep ;
His torments projecting,
And sadly reflecting
That a lover forsaken
A new love may get ;
But a neck, when once broken,
Can never be set :
And that he could die
Whenever he would ;
But that he could live
But as long as he could :
How grievous soever
The torment might grow,
He scorn'd to endeavour
To finish it so ;

But bold, unconcerned
At thoughts of the pain,
He calmly returned
To his cottage again.

M A T T H E W P R I O R

An Epitaph

INTERR'D beneath this marble stone
Lie sauntering Jack and idle Joan.
While rolling threescore years and one
Did round this globe their courses run ;
If human things went ill or well ;
If changing empires rose or fell ;
The morning past, the evening came,
And found this couple still the same.
They walk'd and ate, good folks : what then ?
Why then they walk'd and ate again :
They soundly slept the night away ;
They did just nothing all the day ;
And having buried children four,
Would not take pains to try for more :
Nor sister either had, nor brother ;
They seemed just tallied for each other.

Their moral and economy
Most perfectly they made agree :
Each virtue kept its proper bound,
Nor trespass'd on the other's ground.
Nor fame, nor censure they regarded ;
They neither punish'd nor rewarded.
He cared not what the footman did ;
Her maids she neither praised nor chid ;
So every servant took his course ;
And bad at first, they all grew worse.
Slothful disorder filled his stable ;
And sluttish plenty deck'd her table.
Their beer was strong ; their wine was port ;
Their meal was large ; their grace was short.

They gave the poor the remnant meat,
Just when it grew not fit to eat.

They paid the church and parish rate ;
And took, but read not the receipt :
For which they claim'd their Sunday's due,
Of slumbering in an upper pew.

No man's defects sought they to know ;
So never made themselves a foe.
No man's good deeds did they commend ;
So never rais'd themselves a friend.
Nor cherished they relations poor,
That might decrease their present store :
Nor barn nor house did they repair,
That might oblige their future heir.

They neither added nor confounded ;
They neither wanted nor abounded.
Each Christmas they accompts did clear ;
And wound their bottom round the year.
Nor tear nor smile did they employ
At news of public grief, or joy.
When bells were rung, and bonfires made,
If ask'd, they ne'er denied their aid ;
Their jug was to the ringers carried,
Whoever either died, or married.
Their billet at the fire was found,
Whoever was depos'd, or crown'd.

Nor good, nor bad, nor fools, nor wise ;
They would not learn, nor could advise :
Without love, hatred, joy, or fear,
They led—a kind of—as it were ;
Nor wish'd, nor car'd, nor laugh'd, nor cried :
And so they liv'd, and so they died.

JONATHAN SWIFT

Twelve Articles

I

LEST it may more quarrels beed,
I will never hear you read.

II

By disputing, I will never,
To convince you once endeavour.

III

When a paradox you stick to,
I will never contradict you.

IV

When I talk and you are heedless,
I will show no anger needless.

V

When your speeches are absurd,
I will ne'er object a word.

VI

When you furious argue wrong,
I will grieve and hold my tongue.

VII

Not a jest or humorous story
Will I ever tell before ye :
To be chidden for explaining,
When you quite mistake the meaning.

VIII

Never more will I suppose
You can taste my verse or prose.

IX

You no more at me shall fret,
While I teach and you forget.

X

You shall never hear me thunder,
When you blunder on, and blunder.

XI

Show your poverty of spirit,
And in dress place all your merit ;
Give yourself ten thousand airs :
That with me shall break no squares.

XII

Never will I give advice,
Till you please to ask me thrice :
Which if you in scorn reject,
'Twill be just as I expect.

Thus we both shall have our ends,
And continue special friends.

Gentle Echo on Woman

SHEPHERD : Echo, I ween, will in the wood reply,
And quaintly answer questions : Shall I try ?

ECHO : Try.

SHEPHERD : What must we do our passion to express ?
ECHO : Press.

SHEPHERD : How shall I please her, who ne'er loved
before ?

ECHO : Be sore.

SHEPHERD : What most moves women when we them
address ?

ECHO : A dress.

SHEPHERD : Say, what can keep her chaste whom I adore ?

ECHO : A door.

SHEPHERD : If music softens rocks, love tunes my lyre.

ECHO : Liar.

SHEPHERD : Then teach me, Echo, how shall I come by
her ?

ECHO : Buy her.

SHEPHERD : When bought, no question I shall be her
dear ?

ECHO : Her deer.

SHEPHERD : But deer have horns : how must I keep her
under ?

ECHO : Keep her under.

SHEPHERD : But what can glad me when she's laid on
bier ?

ECHO : Beer.

SHEPHERD : What must I do when women will be kind ?

ECHO : Be kind.

SHEPHERD : What must I do when women will be cross ?

ECHO : Be cross.

SHEPHERD : Lord, what is she that can so turn and wind ?
ECHO : Wind.

SHEPHERD : If she be wind, what stills her when she
blows ?

ECHO : Blows.

SHEPHERD : But if she bang again, still should I bang her ?

ECHO : Bang her.

SHEPHERD : Is there no way to moderate her anger ?

ECHO : Hang her.

SHEPHERD : Thanks, gentle Echo ! right thy answers tell
What woman is and how to guard her well.

ECHO : Guard her well.

Abroad and at Home

As Thomas was cudgel'd one day by his wife,
He took to the street, and fled for his life :
Tom's three dearest friends came by in the squabble,

And sav'd him at once from the shrew and the rabble;
Then ventur'd to give him some sober advice;—
But Tom is a person of honour so nice,
Too wise to take counsel, too proud to take warning,
That he sent to all three a challenge next morning:
Three duels he fought, thrice ventur'd his life;
Went home, and was cudgel'd again by his wife.

WILLIAM CONGREVE

Fair Amoret

FAIR Amoret is gone astray—
Pursue and seek her, every lover ;
I'll tell the signs by which you may
The wandering shepherdess discover.

Coquet and coy at once her air,
Both studied, though both seem neglected :
Careless she is, with artful care ;
Affecting to seem unaffected.

With skill her eyes dart every glance ;
Yet change so soon, you'd ne'er suspect them
For she'd persuade they wound by chance,
Though certain aim and art direct them.

She likes herself, yet others hates
For that which in herself she prizes ;
And, while she laughs at them, forgets
She is the thing that she despises.

JOHN GAY

The Gardener and the Hog

A GARDENER, of peculiar taste,
On a young Hog his favour placed,
Who fed not with the common herd ;
His tray was to the hall preferred :
He wallowed underneath the board,
Or in his master's chamber snored,
Who fondly stroked him every day,
And taught him all the puppy's play.
Where'er he went, the grunting friend
Ne'er failed his pleasure to attend.

As on a time the loving pair
Walked forth to tend the garden's care,
The Master thus addressed the Swine :—

“ My house, my garden, all is thine.
On turnips feast whene'er you please,
And riot in my beans and pease,
If the potato's taste delights,
Or the red carrot's sweet invites,
Indulge thy noon and evening hours,
But let due care regard my flowers :
My tulips are my garden's pride :
What vast expense those beds supplied ! ”

The Hog by chance one morning roamed,
Where with new ale the vessels foamed ;
He munches now the steaming grains,
Now with full swill the liquor drains.
Intoxicating fumes arise ;
He reels, he rolls his winking eyes ;
Then staggering through the garden, scours,
And treads down painted ranks of flowers :

With delving snout he turns the soil,
And cools his palate with the spoil.

The Master came, the ruin spied ;
“ Villain ! suspend thy rage ”, he cried :
“ Hast thou, thou most ungrateful sot,
My charge, my only charge, forgot ?
What, all my flowers ! ” no more he said,
But gazed, and sighed, and hung his head.

The Hog with stuttering speech returns :—
“ Explain, Sir, why your anger burns.
See there, untouched, your tulips strown ;
For I devoured the roots alone.”

At this the Gardener’s passion grows ;
From oaths and threats he fell to blows :
The stubborn brute the blow sustains,
Assaults his leg, and tears the veins.

Ah ! foolish Swain ! too late you find
That styes were for such friends designed !

Homeward he limps with painful pace,
Reflecting thus on past disgrace ;

“ Who cherishes a brutal mate,
Shall mourn the folly soon or late.”

Song of Similes

My passion is as mustard strong ;

I sit, all sober sad ;

Drunk as a piper all day long,

Or like a March hare mad.

Round as a hoop the bumpers flow ;

I drink, yet can’t forget her ;

For though as drunk as David’s sow,

I love her still the better.

Pert as a pear-monger I’d be,

If Molly were but kind ;

Cool as a cucumber could see

The rest of womankind.

Like a stuck pig I gaping stare,
 And eye her o'er and o'er ;
 Lean as a rake with sighs and care,
 Sleek as a mouse before.

Plump as a partridge was I known,
 And soft as silk my skin,
 My cheeks as fat as butter grown ;
 But as a groat now thin.

I, melancholy as a cat,
 Am kept awake to weep
 But she, insensible of that,
 Sound as a top can sleep.

Hard is her heart as flint or stone,
 She laughs to see me pale,
 And merry as a grig is grown,
 And brisk as bottled-ale.

The god of love at her approach
 Is busy as a bee,
 Hearts sound as any bell or roach
 Are smit, and sigh like me.

Ay me, as thick as hops or hail,
 The fine men crowd about her ;
 But soon as dead as a door-nail
 Shall I be if without her.

Straight as my leg her shape appears ;
 O were we join'd together,
 My heart would be scot-free from cares
 And lighter than a feather.

As fine as fivepence is her mien,
 No drum was ever tighter ;
 Her glance is as the razor keen,
 And not the sun is brighter.

As soft as pap her kisses are,
 Methinks I taste them yet.
 Brown as a berry is her hair,
 Her eyes as black as jet.

As smooth as glass, as white as curds,
 Her pretty hand invites ;
 Sharp as a needle are her words,
 Her wit, like pepper, bites.

Full as an egg was I with glee ;
 And happy as a king.
 Good Lord ! how all men envied me !
 She loved like anything.

But false as hell, she, like the wind,
 Changed as her sex must do.
 Though seeming as the turtle kind,
 And like the Gospel true.

If I and Molly could agree,
 Let who would take Peru !
 Great as an Emperor should I be,
 And richer than a Jew.

Till you grow tender as a chick,
 I'm dull as any post ;
 Let us, like burs, together stick,
 And warm as any toast.

You'll know me truer than a dye,
 And wish me better sped ;
 Flat as a flounder when I lie,
 And as a herring dead.

Sure as a gun she'll drop a tear
 And sigh perhaps, and wish,
 When I am rotten as a pear
 And mute as any fish.

The Jugglers

A JUGGLER long through all the town
Had raised his fortune and renown ;
You'd think (so far his art transcends)
The devil at his fingers' ends.

Vice heard his fame, she read his bill ;
Convinced of his inferior skill, . . .
She sought his booth, and from the crowd
Defied the man of art aloud.

" Is this then he so famed for sleight,
Can this slow bungler cheat your sight,
Dares he with me dispute the prize ?
I leave it to impartial eyes."

Provok'd, the Juggler cried, " 'Tis done.
In science I submit to none."

Thus said. The cups and balls he played
By turns, this here, that there, conveyed :
The cards, obedient to his words,
Are by a fillip turned to birds ;
His little boxes change the grain,
Trick after trick deludes the train.

He shakes his bag, he shows all fair,
His fingers spread, and nothing there ;
Then bids it rain with showers of gold,
And now his iv'ry eggs are told,
But when from thence the hen he draws,
Amazed spectators hum applause.

Vice now stept forth and took the place,
With all the forms of his grimace.
" This magic looking-glass," she cries,

(" There, hand it round) will charm your eyes"
Each eager eye the sight desired,
And ev'ry man himself admired.
Next, to a senator addressing ;

" See this bank-note ; observe the blessing :
Breathe on the bill. Heigh, pass ! 'Tis gone."
Upon his lips a padlock shone.
A second puff the magic broke,

The padlock vanished, and he spoke.
Twelve bottles ranged upon the board,
All full, with heady liquor stored,
By clean conveyance disappear,
And now two bloody swords are there.
A purse she to a thief exposed ;
At once his ready fingers closed ;
He opes his fist, the treasure's fled,
He sees a halter in its stead.
She bids Ambition hold a wand,
He grasps a hatchet in his hand.
A box of charity she shows :
“ Blow here ” ; and a church-warden blows ;
‘Tis vanished with conveyance neat,
And on the table smokes a treat.
She shakes the dice, the board she knocks,
And from all pockets fills her box.
A counter, in a miser’s hand,
Grew twenty guineas at command ;
She bids his heir the sum retain,
And ‘tis a counter now again.
A guinea with her touch you see
Take ev’ry shape but Charity ;
And not one thing, you saw, or drew,
But changed from what was first in view.
The Juggler now, in grief of heart,
With this submission owned her art.
“ Can I such matchless sleight withstand ?
How practice hath improved your hand !
But now and then I cheat the throng :
You ev’ry day, and all day long.”

WILLIAM HARRISON

The Tinker and the Glazier

Two thirsty souls met on a sultry day,
One Glazier Dick, the other Tom the Tinker ;
Both with light purses, but with spirits gay ;
And hard it were to name the sturdiest drinker.
Their ale they quaff'd ;
And, as they swigg'd the nappy,
They both agreed, 'tis said,
That trade was wond'rous dead.
They jok'd, sung, laugh'd,
And were completely happy.
The Landlord's eye, bright as his sparkling ale,
Glisten'd to see them the brown pitchet hug ;
For ev'ry jest, and song, and merry tale,
Had this blithe ending—" Bring us t'other mug."

Now Dick the Glazier feels his bosom burn,
To do his friend, Tom Tinker, a good turn ;
And, where the heart to friendship feels inclin'd,
Occasion seldom loiters long behind.
The kettle, gaily singing on the fire,
Gives Dick a hint, just to his heart's desire :
And, while to draw more ale the Landlord goes,
Dick in the ashes, all the water throws ;
Then puts the kettle on the fire again,
And at the Tinker winks,
As " Trade's success ! " he drinks,
Nor doubts the wish'd success Tom will obtain.
Our Landlord ne'er could such a toast withstand ;

So, giving each kind customer a hand,
 His friendship, too, display'd,
 And drank—"Success to trade!"
 But O, how pleasure vanish'd from his eye,
 How long and rueful his round visage grew,
 Soon as he saw the kettle's bottom fly,
 Solder the only fluid he could view!
 He rav'd, he caper'd, and he swore,
 And cursed the kettle's body o'er and o'er,
 "Come! Come!" says Dick, "fetch us, my friend,
 more ale;
 All trades, you know, must live:
 Let's drink—"May trade with none of us, e'er fail!"
 The job to Tom, then, give;
 And, for the ale he drinks, our lad of mettle,
 Take my word for it, soon will mend your kettle."
 The Landlord yields; but hopes 'tis no offence,
 To curse the trade, that thrives at his expense.
 Tom undertakes the job; to work he goes;
 And just concludes it, with the ev'ning's close.
 Souls so congenial had friends Tom and Dick,
 Each might be fairly called a loving brother;
 Thought Tom, to serve my friend I know a trick,
 And one good turn in truth deserves another!
 Out now he slyly slips,
 But not a word he said.
 The plot was in his head,
 And off he nimbly trips.

Swift to the neigb'ring church his way he takes;
 Nor in the dark,
 Misses his mark,
 But ev'ry pane of glass he quickly breaks.
 Back as he goes,
 His bosom glows,
 To think how great will be his friend Dick's joy,
 At getting so much excellent employ.
 Return'd, he beckoning, draws his friend aside,
 Importance in his face,
 And to Dick's ear his mouth applied,

Thus briefly states the case,—
 “Dick! I may give you joy, you’re a made man;
 I’ve done your business most complete, my friend:
 I’m off!—the devil may catch me, if he can,
 Each window of the church you’ve got to mend;
 Ingratitude’s worst curse my head befall,
 If, for your sake, I have not broke them all!”

Tom with surprise sees Dick turn pale,
 Who deeply sighs—“O, la!”
 Then drops his under jaw,
 And all his pow’rs of utt’rance fail:
 While horror in his ghastly face,
 And bursting eye-balls, Tom can trace;
 Whose sympathetic muscles, just and true,
 Share with his heart,
 Dick’s unknown smart,
 And two such phizzes ne’er met mortal view.
 At length, friend Dick his speech regain’d,
 And soon the mystery explain’d—
 “ You have, indeed, my business done!
 And I, as well as you, must run:
 For let me act the best I can,
 Tom! Tom! I am a ruin’d man.
 Zounds! Zounds! this piece of friendship costs me
 dear,
 I’m paid to mend church windows *by the year!*”

ALEXANDER POPE

Timon's Villa

A Visit to a Personage of more Money than Taste

At Timon's Villa let us pass a day,
Where all cry out, " What sums are thrown away ! "
So proud, so grand ; of that stupendous air,
Soft and Agreeable come never there.
Greatness, with Timon, dwells in such a draught
As brings all Brobdignag before your thought.
To compass this, his building is a Town,
His pond an Ocean, his parterre a Down :
Who but must laugh, the Master when he sees,
A puny insect, shiv'ring at a breeze !
Lo, what huge heaps of littleness around !
The whole, a labour'd Quarry above ground ;
Two Cupids squirt before ; a Lake behind
Improves the keenness of the Northern wind.
His Gardens next your admiration call,
On ev'ry side you look, behold the Wall !
No pleasing Intricacies intervene,
No artful wildness to perplex the scene ;
Grove nods at grove, each Alley has a brother,
And half the platform just reflects the other.
The suff'ring eye inverted Nature sees,
Trees cut to Statues, Statues thick as trees ;
With here a Fountain, never to be play'd ;
And there a Summer-house, that knows no shade
Here Amphitrite sails thro' myrtle bow'rs ;
There Gladiators fight, or die in flow'rs ;
Un-watered see the drooping sea-horse mourn,
And swallows roost in Nilus' dusty Urn.

My Lord advances with majestic mien,
 Smit with the mighty pleasure, to be seen :
 But soft,—by regular approach,—not yet,—
 First thro' the length of yon hot Terrace sweat ;
 And when up ten steep slopes you've dragg'd your thighs,
 Just at his Study-door he'll bless your eyes.

His Study ! with what Authors is it stor'd ?
 In Books, not Authors, curious is my Lord ;
 To all their dated Backs he turns you round :
 These Aldus printed, those Du Sueil has bound.
 Lo, some are Vellum, and the rest as good
 For all his Lordship knows, but they are Wood.
 For Locke or Milton 'tis in vain to look,
 These shelves admit not any modern book.

And now the Chapel's silver bell you hear,
 That summons you to all the Pride of Pray'r :
 Light quirks of Music, broken and uneven,
 Make the soul dance upon a Jig to Heav'n.
 On painted Ceilings you devoutly stare,
 Where sprawl the Saints of Verrio or Laguerre,
 On gilded clouds in fair expansion lie,
 And bring all Paradise before your eye.
 To rest, the Cushion and soft Dean invite,
 Who never mentions Hell to ears polite.

But hark ! the chiming Clocks to dinner call ;
 A hundred footsteps scrape the marble Hall :
 The rich Buffet well-colour'd Serpents grace,
 And gaping Tritons spew to wash your face.
 Is this a dinner ? this a Genial room ?
 No, 'tis a Temple, and a Hecatomb.
 A solemn Sacrifice, perform'd in state,
 You drink by measure, and to minutes eat.
 So quick retires each flying course, you'd swear
 Sancho's dread Doctor and his Wand were there.
 Between each Act the trembling salvers ring,
 From soup to sweet-wine, and God bless the King.
 In plenty starving, tantaliz'd in state,
 And complaisantly help'd to all I hate,
 Treated, caress'd, and tir'd, I take my leave,
 Sick of his civil Pride from Morn to Eve ;

I curse such lavish cost, and little skill,
And swear no Day was ever past so ill.

(From *Moral Essays*)

The Alley

A Parody of Edmund Spenser

I

IN ev'ry Town, where Thamis rolls his Tyde,
A narrow pass there is, with Houses low ;
Where ever and anon, the Stream is ey'd,
And many a Boat soft sliding to and fro.
There oft are heard the notes of Infant Woe,
The short thick Sob, loud Scream, and shriller Squall :
How can ye, Mothers, vex your Children so ?
Some drink, some eat, some play against the wall,
And as they crouchen low, for bread and butter call.

II

And on the broken pavement, here and there,
Doth many a stinking sprat and herring lie ;
A brandy and tobacco shop is near,
And hens, and dogs, and hogs are feeding by ;
And here a sailor's jacket hangs to dry.
At ev'ry door are sun-burnt matrons seen,
Mending old nets to catch the scaly fry ;
Now singing shrill, and scolding eft between ;
Scolds answer foul-mouth'd scolds ; bad neighbourhood
I ween.

III

The snappish cur, (the passengers' annoy)
Close at my heel with yelping treble flies ;
The whimp'ring girl, and hoarser-screaming boy,
Join to the yelping treble shrilling cries ;
The scolding Quean to louder notes doth rise,
And her full pipes those shrilling cries confound ;
To her full pipes the grunting hog replies ;

The grunting hogs alarm the neighbours round,
And curs, girls, boys, and scolds, in the deep bass are
drown'd.

IV

Hard by a Sty, beneath a roof of thatch,
Dwelt Obloquy, who in her early days
Baskets of fish at Billingsgate did watch,
Cod, whiting, oyster, mackrel, sprat, or plaice :
There learn'd she speech from tongues that never cease.
Slander beside her, like a Mag-pie, chatters,
With Envy (spitting Cat), dread foe to peace ;
Like a curs'd Cur, Malice before her clatters,
And vexing ev'ry wight, tears clothes and all to tatters.

V

Such place hath Deptford, navy-building town,
Woolwich and Wapping smelling strong of pitch ;
Such Lambeth, envy of each band and gown,
And Twickenham such, which fairer scenes enrich,
Grots, statues, urns, and Johnston's Dog and Bitch,
No village is without, on either side,
All up the silver Thames, or all adown ;
Ne Richmond's self, from whose tall front are ey'd
Vales, spires, meandering streams, and Windsor's tow'ry
pride.

The Toilet

AND now, unveil'd, the Toilet stands display'd,
Each silver vase in mystic order laid.
First, rob'd in white, the Nymph intent adores,
With head uncover'd, the Cosmetic pow'rs.
A heav'ly image in the glass appears,
To that she bends, to that her eyes she rears ;
Th' inferior Priestess, at her altar's side,
Trembling begins the sacred rites of Pride.
Unnumber'd treasures ope at once, and here
The various off'rings of the world appear ;
From each she nicely culls with curious toil,
And decks the Goddess with the glitt'ring spoil.

This casket India's glowing gems unlocks,
And all Arabia breathes from yonder box.
The Tortoise here and Elephant unite,
Transform'd to combs, the speckled, and the white.
Here files of pins extend their shining rows,
Puffs, powders, patches, Bibles, billet-doux.
Now awful Beauty puts on all its arms ;
The fair each moment rises in her charms,
Repairs her smiles, awakens ev'ry grace,
And calls forth all the wonders of her face ;
Sees by degrees a purer blush arise,
And keener lightnings quicken in her eyes.
The busy Sylphs surround their darling care,
These set the head, and those divide the hair,
Some fold the sleeve, whilst others plait the gown ;
And Betty's prais'd for labours not her own.

(From *The Rape of the Lock*)

JAMES THOMSON

To the Incomparable Soporific Doctor

SWEET, sleeky Doctor ! dear pacific soul !
Lay at the beef, and suck the vital bowl !
Still let the involving smoke around thee fly,
And broad-looked dullness settle in thine eye.
Ah ! soft in down those dainty limbs repose,
And in the very lap of slumber doze,
But chiefly on the lazy day of grace,
Call forth the lambent glories of thy face ;
If aught the thoughts of dinner can prevail—
And sure the Sunday's dinner cannot fail.
To the thin church in sleepy pomp proceed,
And lean on the lethargic book thy head.
Those eyes wipe often with the hallowed lawn,
Profoundly nod, immeasurably yawn.
Slow let the prayers by thy meek lips be sung,
Nor let thy thoughts be distanced by thy tongue,
If e'er the lingerers are within a call,
Or if on prayers thou deign'st to think at all.
Yet—only yet—the swimming head we bend ;
But when serene, the pulpit you ascend,
Through every joint a gentle horror creeps,
And round you the consenting audience sleeps.
So when an ass with sluggish front appears,
The horses start, and prick their quivering ears ;
But soon as e'er the sage is heard to bray,
The fields all thunder, and they bound away.

SIR CHARLES HANBURY WILLIAMS

The Old General

THE General ! one of those brave old commanders,
Who served through all the glorious wars in Flanders ;
Frank and good-natured, of an honest heart,
Loving to act the steady, friendly part :
None led through youth a gayer life than he,
Cheerful in converse, smart in repartee.
But with old age its vices came along,
And in narration he's extremely long ;
Exact in circumstance, and nice in dates,
He each minute particular relates.
If you name one of Marlborough's ten campaigns,
He tells you its whole history for your pains :
And Blenheim's field becomes by his reciting
As long in telling as it was in fighting :
His old desire to please is still expressed ;
His hat's well cocked, his periwig's well dressed :
He rolls his stockings still, white gloves he wears,
And in the boxes with the beaux appears :
His eyes through wrinkled corners cast their rays
Still he looks cheerful, still soft things he says :
And still remembering that he once was young
He strains his crippled knees, and struts along.

(From *Isabella*)

OLIVER GOLDSMITH

The Village Schoolmaster

BESIDE yon straggling fence that skirts the way,
With blossomed furze unprofitably gay,
There, in his noisy mansion, skill'd to rule,
The village master taught his little school ;
A man severe he was, and stern to view,
I knew him well, and every truant knew ;
Well had the boding tremblers learned to trace
The day's disasters in his morning face ;
Full well they laughed, with counterfeited glee,
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he :
Full well the busy whisper circling round,
Conveyed the dismal tidings when he frowned ;
Yet he was kind, or if severe in aught,
The love he bore to learning was in fault ;
The village all declared how much he knew ;
'Twas certain he could write, and cypher too ;
Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,
And even the story ran that he could gauge.
In arguing too, the parson owned his skill,
For even tho' vanquished, he could argue still ;
While words of learned length, and thundering sound,
Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around,
And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew,
That one small head could carry all he knew.

(From *The Deserted Village*)

WILLIAM COWPER

The Dog and the Water-Lily

THE noon was shady, and soft airs
Swept Ouse's silent tide,
When, 'scaped from literary cares,
I wandered on his side.

My spaniel, prettiest of his race,
And high in pedigree,
(Two nymphs, adorned with every grace,
That spaniel found for me)

Now wantoned lost in flags and reeds,
Now starting into sight,
Pursued the swallow o'er the meads
With scarce a slower flight.

It was the time when Ouse displayed
His lilies newly blown ;
Their beauties I intent surveyed,
And one I wished my own.

With cane extended far, I sought
To steer it close to land ;
But still the prize, though nearly caught,
Escaped my eager hand.

Beau marked my unsuccessful pains
With fixed considerate face,
And puzzling set his puppy brains
To comprehend the case.

But with a chirrup clear and strong
 Dispersing all his dream,
 I thence withdrew, and followed long
 The windings of the stream.

My ramble finished, I returned,
 Beau trotting far before,
 The floating wreath again discerned,
 And plunging left the shore.

I saw him, with that lily cropped,
 Impatient swim to meet
 My quick approach, and soon he dropped
 The treasure at my feet.

Charmed with the sight, "The world," I cried,
 " Shall hear of this thy deed :
 My dog shall mortify the pride
 Of man's superior breed :

" But, chief, myself I will enjoin,
 Awake at Duty's call,
 To show a love as prompt as thine
 To Him who gives me all."

An Adjudged Case

BETWEEN Nose and Eyes a strange contest arose,
 The spectacles set them unhappily wrong ;
 The point in dispute was, as all the world knows,
 To which the said spectacles ought to belong.

So Tongue was the lawyer, and argued the cause
 With a great deal of skill, and a wig full of learning ;
 While Chief-Baron Ear sat to balance the laws,
 So famed for his talent in nicely discerning.

" In behalf of the Nose it will quickly appear
 And your lordship," he said, " will undoubtedly find,

That the Nose has had spectacles always in wear,
Which amounts to possession time out of mind."

Then holding the spectacles up to the court—

" Your lordship observes they are made with a straddle,
As wide as the ridge of the Nose is ; in short,
Design'd to sit close to it, just like a saddle.

" Again, would your lordship a moment suppose
('Tis a case that has happened, and may be again)

That the visage or countenance had not a Nose,
Pray who would, or who could, wear spectacles then ?

" On the whole it appears, and my argument shows,
With a reasoning the court will never condemn,
That the spectacles plainly were made for the Nose,
And the Nose was as plainly intended for them."

Then shifting his side (as a lawyer knows how),

He pleaded again in behalf of the Eyes :

But what were his arguments few people know,

For the court did not think they were equally wise.

So his lordship decreed with a grave solemn tone,
Decisive and clear, without one if or but—

" That, whenever the Nose put his spectacles on,
By daylight or candlelight—Eyes should be shut ! "

Epitaph

HERE lies one, who never drew
Blood himself, yet many slew ;
Gave the gun its aim, and figure
Made in field, yet ne'er pulled trigger.
Arm'd men have gladly made
Him their guide, and him obeyed ;
At his signified desire,
Would advance, present, and fire—
Stout he was, and large of limb,

Scores have fled at sight of him ;
And to all this fame he rose
Only following his nose.
Neptune was he called, not he
Who controls the boisterous sea,
But of happier command,
Neptune of the furrowed land ;
And, your wonder vain to shorten,
Pointer to Sir John Throckmorton.

A N O N Y M O U S

The Vicar of Bray

IN good King Charles's golden days,
When loyalty no harm meant,
A zealous high-churchman was I,
And so I got preferment.

To teach my Flock I never miss'd
Kings were by God appointed,
And damned are those that dare resist
Or touch the Lord's anointed.

And this is law that I'll maintain
Until my dying day, sir,
That whatsoever king shall reign,
Still I'll be the Vicar of Bray, sir.

When Royal James possess'd the crown,
And Popery grew in fashion
The penal laws I hooted down,
And read the Declaration :
The Church of Rome I found would fit
Full well my constitution ;
And I had been a Jesuit,
But for the Revolution.

And this is law that I'll maintain
Until my dying day, sir,
That whatsoever king shall reign,
Still I'll be the Vicar of Bray, sir.

When William was our king declared,
To ease the nation's grievance ;
With this new wind about I steer'd,
And swore to him allegiance.

Old principles I did revoke,
 Set conscience at a distance
 Passive obedience was a joke,
 A jest was non-resistance.
 And this is law that I'll maintain
 Until my dying day, sir,
 That whatsoever king shall reign,
 Still I'll be the Vicar of Bray, sir.

When Royal Anne became our queen,
 The Church of England's glory,
 Another face of things was seen,
 And I became a Tory :
 Occasional Conformists base,
 I blamed their moderation ;
 And thought the Church in danger was
 By such prevarication.
 And this is law that I'll maintain
 Until my dying day, sir,
 That whatsoever king shall reign,
 Still I'll be the Vicar of Bray, sir.

When George in pudding-time came o'er,
 And moderate men looked big, sir,
 My principles I changed once more,
 And so became a Whig, sir ;
 And thus preferment I procured
 From our new faith's defender ;
 And almost every day abjured
 The Pope and the Pretender.
 And this is law that I'll maintain
 Until my dying day, sir,
 That whatsoever king shall reign,
 Still I'll be the Vicar of Bray, sir.

Tb' illustrious House of Hanover,
 And Protestant succession,
 To these I do allegiance swear—
 While they can keep possession :

For in my faith and loyalty,
I never more will falter,
And George my lawful king shall be—
Until the times do alter.
And this is law that I'll maintain
Until my dying day, sir,
That whatsoever king shall reign,
Still I'll be the Vicar of Bray, sir.

JOHN WOLCOT

To a Fish of the Brook

WHY fliest thou away with fear ?
Trust me there's naught of danger near,
 I have no wicked hook
All covered with a snaring bait,
Alas, to tempt thee to thy fate,
 And drag thee from the brook.

O harmless tenant of the flood,
I do not wish to spill thy blood,
 For Nature unto thee
Perchance hath given a tender wife,
And children dear, to charm thy life,
 As she hath done for me.

Enjoy thy stream, O harmless fish ;
And when an angler for his dish,
 Through gluttony's vile sin,
Attempts, a wretch, to pull thee out,
God give thee strength, O gentle trout,
 To pull the rascal in !

A N O N Y M O U S

The Goff *An Heroic-Comical Epic*

CANTO I

GOFF, and the Man, I sing, who em'lous plies
The jointed club ; whose balls invade the skies ;
Who from *Edina's* tow'rs, his peaceful home,
In quest of fame o'er *Letha's* plains did roam.
Long toil'd the hero, on the verdant field,
Strained his stout arm the weighty club to wield.

CANTO II

Now at that hole the Chiefs begin the game,
Which from the neigh'b'ring thorn-tree takes its name ;
Ardent they grasp the ball-compelling clubs,
And stretch their arms t' attack the little globes.
The great *Castalio* his whole force collects
And on the orb a noble blow directs.
Swift as a thought the ball obedient flies,
Sings high in air, and seems to cleave the skies ;
Then on the level plain its fury spends ;
And *Irus* to the Chief the welcome tidings sends.
Next in his turn *Pygmalion* strikes the globe :
On th' upper half descends the erring club ;
Along the green the ball confounded scours ;
No lofty flight the ill-sped stroke impow'rs.
Thus when the trembling hare descires the hounds,
She from her whinny mansion swiftly bounds ;
O'er hills and fields she scours, outstrips the wind ;
The hound and huntsmen follow far behind.

CANTO III

At length the Chiefs for the last hole contend,
 The last great hole, which should their labours end.
 For this the Chiefs exert their skill and might,
 To drive the balls, and to direct their flight.
 Thus two fleet coursers for the Royal plate,
 (The others distanc'd), run the final heat ;
 With all his might each gen'rous racer flies,
 And all his art each panting rider tries,
 While show'rs of gold and praises warm his breast,
 And gen'rous emulation fires the beast.
 A mighty blow *Pygmalion* then lets fall ;
 Straight from th' impulsive engine starts the ball ;
 Answ'ring its master's just design, it hastes,
 An' from the hole scarce twice two clubs' length rests.
 Ah ! what avails thy skill, since Fate decrees
 The conqu'ring foe to bear away the prize ?
 Full fifteen clubs' length from the hole he lay,
 A wide cart-road before him cross'd his way :
 The deep-cut tracks th' intrepid Chief defies,
 High o'er the road the ball triumphant flies,
 Lights on the green, and scours into the hole :
 Down with it sinks depress'd *Pygmalion*'s soul ;
 Seiz'd with surprise th' affrighted hero stands,
 And feebly tips the ball with trembling hands ;
 The creeping ball its want of force complains,
 A grassy tuft the loit'ring orb detains :
 Surrounding crowds the victor's praise proclaim,
 The echoing shores resound *Castalio*'s name.

R O B E R T B U R N S

John Barleycorn

THERE was three Kings into the east,
Three Kings both great and high ;
And they hae sworn a solemn oath
John Barleycorn should die.

They took a plough and plough'd him down,
Put clods upon his head ;
And they hae sworn a solemn oath
John Barleycorn was dead.

But the cheerfu' Spring came kindly on,
And show'rs began to fall ;
John Barleycorn got up again,
And sore surpris'd them all.

The sultry suns of Summer came,
And he grew thick and strong ;
His head weel arm'd wi' pointed spears,
That no one should him wrong.

The sober Autumn enter'd mild,
When he grew wan and pale ;
His bending joints and drooping head
Show'd he began to fail.

His colour sicken'd more and more,
He faded into age ;
And then his enemies began
To shew their deadly rage.

They've ta'en a weapon, long and sharp,
 And cut him by the knee ;
 Then tied him fast upon a cart,
 Like a rogue for forgerie.

They laid him down upon his back,
 And cudgell'd him full sore ;
 They hung him up before the storm,
 And turn'd him o'er and o'er.

They fillèd up a darksome pit
 With water to the brim ;
 They heavèd in John Barleycorn,
 There let him sink or swim.

They laid him out upon the floor,
 To work him farther woe :
 And still, as signs of life appear'd,
 They toss'd him to and fro.

They wasted, o'er a scorching flame,
 The marrow of his bones ;
 But a miller us'd him worst of all—
 He crush'd him between two stones.

And they hae ta'en his very heart's blood,
 And drank it round and round ;
 And still the more and more they drank,
 Their joy did more abound.

John Barleycorn was a hero bold,
 Of noble enterprise ;
 For if you do but taste his blood,
 'Twill make your courage rise ;

'Twill make a man forget his woe ;
 'Twill heighten all his joy :
 'Twill make the widow's heart to sing,
 Tho' the tear were in her eye.

Then let us toast John Barleycorn,
Each man a glass in hand ;
And may his great posterity
Ne'er fail in old Scotland

EDWARD LYSAUGH

Kitty of Coleraine

As beautiful Kitty one morning was tripping,
With a pitcher of milk from the fair of Coleraine,
When she saw me she stumbled, the pitcher it tumbled,
And all the sweet butter-milk watered the plain.

O, what shall I do now, 'twas looking at you now,
Sure, sure, such a pitcher I'll ne'er meet again,
'Twas the pride of my dairy, O, Barney M'Leary,
You're sent as a plague to the girls of Coleraine.

I sat down beside her,—and gently did chide her,
That such a misfortune should give her such pain,
A kiss then I gave her,—before I did leave her,
She vowed for such pleasure she'd break it again.

'Twas hay-making season, I can't tell the reason,
Misfortunes will never come single,—that's plain,
For, very soon after poor Kitty's disaster,
The devil a pitcher was whole in Coleraine.

CATHERINE MARIA FANSHAW E

Enigma

'TWAS whispered in Heaven, 'twas muttered in Hell,
And echo caught softly the sound as it fell ;
In the confines of earth 'twas permitted to rest,
And the depth of the ocean its presence confessed ;
'Twas seen in the lightning, 'twas heard in the thunder,
'Twill be found in the spheres when they're riven asunder ;
'Twas given to man with his earliest breath,
It assists at his birth and attends him in death,
Presides o'er his happiness, honour, and health,
'Tis the prop of his house and the end of his wealth ;
It begins every hope, every wish it must bound,
With the husbandman toils, and with monarchs is
crowned ;
In the heaps of the miser 'tis hoarded with care,
But is sure to be lost in the prodigal heir ;
Without it the soldier and sailor may roam,
But woe to the wretch who expels it from home ;
In the whispers of conscience it there will be found,
Nor e'er in the whirlwind of passion be drown'd ;
It softens the heart, and though deaf to the ear,
It will make it acutely and instantly hear ;
But in shades let it rest, like an elegant flower,
 , it dies in an hour.

A N O N Y M O U S

Captain (of Militia) Sir Dilberry Diddle

Of all the brave captains that ever were seen,
Appointed to fight by a king or a queen,
By a king or a queen appointed to fight,
Sure never a captain was like this brave knight.

He pull'd off his slippers and wrapper of silk,
And, foaming as furious as whiskèd new milk,
Says he to his lady, " My lady, I'll go :
My Company calls me ; you must not say no."

With eyes all in tears says my lady, says she,
" O cruel Sir Dilberry, do not kill me !
For I never will leave thee, but cling round thy middle,
And die in the arms of Sir Dilberry Diddle."

Says Diddle again to his lady, " My dear,"
(And a white pocket-handkerchief wiped off a tear)
" To fight for thy charms in the hottest of wars,
Will be joy ! Thou art Venus." Says she, " Thou art
Mars."

By a place I can't mention, not knowing its name,
At the head of his company Dilberry came,
And the drums to the windows call every eye
To see the defence of the nation pass by.

Old Bible-faced women, through spectacles dim,
With hemming and coughing, cried " Lord, it is him ! "
While the boys and the girls, who more clearly could see,
Cried, " Yonder's Sir Dilberry Diddle—that's he ! "

Of all the fair ladies that came to the show
Sir Diddle's fair lady stood first in the row ;
" O how charming," says she, " he looks all in red ;
How he turns out his toes, how he holds up his head !

Do but see his cockade, and behold his dear gun,
Which shines like a looking-glass, held in the sun !
Hear his word of command ! 'tis so sweet, I am sure,
Each time I am tempted to call out *Encore* ! "

The battle now over, without any blows,
The heroes unharness and strip off their clothes ;
The dame gives her captain a sip of rose-water,
Then he, handing her into her coach, steps in after.

John's orders are special to drive very slow,
For fevers oft follow fatigue, we all know ;
And, prudently cautious, in Venus's lap
Beneath her short apron, Mars takes a long nap.

He dreamt, Fame reports, that he cut all the throats
Of the French, as they landed in flat-bottomed boats,
In his sleep if such dreadful destruction he makes,
What havoc, ye gods ! we shall have when he wakes !

S A M U E L T A Y L O R C O L E R I D G E

Names

I ASKED my fair one happy day,
What I should call her in my lay ;
By what sweet name from Rome or Greece ;
Lalage, Neaera, Chloris,
Sappho, Lesbia, or Doris,
Arethusa or Lucrece ?

" Ah ! " replied my gentle fair,
" Belovèd, what are names but air ?
Choose thou whatever suits the line ;
Call me Sappho, call me Chloris,
Call me Lalage or Doris,
Only, only call me Thine."

ROBERT SOUTHEY

The Cataract of Lodore

“ How does the water
Come down at Lodore ? ”
 My little boy asked me
 Thus once on a time ;
And moreover he tasked me
 To tell him in rhyme.
 Anon at the word,
There first came one daughter,
 And then came another,
 To second and third
 The request of their brother.
And to hear how the water
 Comes down at Lodore
 With its rush and its roar,
 As many a time
They had seen it before,
 So I told them in rhyme,
For of rhymes I had store ;
 And 'twas in my vocation
 For thy recreation
 That so I s^t. 'd sing ;
Because I was Lau^re
 To them and the King.

From its sources which well
 In the tarn on the fell ;
From its fountains
 In the mountains,
Its rills and its gills ;
Through moss and through brake,

It runs and it creeps
 For a while till it sleeps
 In its own little lake.
 And thence at departing
 Awakening and starting,
 It runs through the reeds,
 And away it proceeds,
 Through meadow and glade,
 In sun and in shade,
 And through the wood-shelter,
 Among crags in its flurry,
 Helter-skelter,
 Hurry-skurry,
 Here it comes sparkling,
 And there it lies darkling ;
 Now smoking and frothing
 Its tumult and wrath in,
 Till, in this rapid race
 On which it is bent,
 It reaches the place
 Of its steep descent.

The cataract strong
 Then plunges along,
 Striking and raging
 As if a war waging
 Its caverns and rocks among ;
 Rising and leaping,
 Sinking and creeping,
 Swelling and sweeping,
 Showering and springing,
 Flying and flinging,
 Writhing and wringing,
 Eddying and whisking
 Spouting and frisking,
 Turning and twisting
 Around and around
 With endless rebound :
 Smiting and fighting,
 A sight to delight in ;

Confounding, astounding,
Dizzying and deafening the ear with its sound.

Collecting, projecting,
Receding and speeding,
And shocking and rocking,
And darting and parting,
And threading and spreading,
And whizzing and hissing,
And dripping and skipping,
And hitting and splitting,
And shining and twining,
And rattling and battling,
And shaking and quaking,
And pouring and roaring,
And waving and raving,
And tossing and crossing,
And flowing and going,
And running and stunning,
And foaming and roaming,
And dinning and spinning,
And dropping and hopping,
And working and jerking,
And guggling and struggling,
And heaving and cleaving,
And moaning and groaning ;
And glittering and frittering,
And gathering and feathering,
And whitening and brightening,
And quivering and shivering,
And hurrying and skurrying,
And thundering and floundering ; .

Dividing and gliding and sliding,
And falling and brawling and sprawling,
And driving and riving and striving,
And sprinkling and twinkling and wrinkling,
And sounding and bounding and rounding,
And bubbling and troubling and doubling,

And grumbling and rumbling and tumbling,
And clattering and battering and shattering;

Retreating and beating and meeting and sheeting,
Delaying and straying and playing and spraying,
Advancing and prancing and glancing and dancing,
Recoiling, turmoiling and toiling and boiling,
And gleaming and streaming and steaming and beaming,
And rushing and flushing and brushing and gushing,
And flapping and rapping and clapping and slapping,
And curling and whistling and purling and twirling,
And thumping and plumping and bumping and jumping,
And dashing and flashing and splashing and clashing;
And so never ending, but always descending,
Sounds and motions forever and ever are blending,
All at once and all o'er, with a mighty uproar,—
And this way the water comes down at Lodore.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR

The Dragon-Fly

LIFE (priest and poet say) is but a dream ;
I wish no happier one than to be laid
Beneath a cool syringa's scented shade,
Or wavy willow, by the running stream,
Brimful of moral, where the dragon-fly
Wanders as careless and content as I.
Thanks for this fancy, insect king,
Of purple crest and filmy wing,
Who with indifference givest up
The water-lily's golden cup,
To come again and overlook
What I am writing in my book.
Believe me, most who read the line
Will read with hornier eyes than thine ;
And yet their souls shall live for ever,
And thine drop dead into the river !
God pardon them, O insect king,
Who fancy so unjust a thing !

JAMES SMITH AND HORACE SMITH

Pat Jennings

JOHN RICHARD WILLIAM ALEXANDER DWYER
Was footman to Justinian Stubbs, Esquire ;
But when John Dwyer 'listed in the Blues,
Emanuel Jennings polished Stubbs's shoes.
Emanuel Jennings brought his youngest boy
Up as a corn-cutter,—a safe employ.
In Holywell Street, St. Pancras, he was bred
(At number twenty-seven, it is said),
Facing the pump, and near the Granby's Head ;
He would have bound him to some shop in town,
But with a premium he could not come down.
Pat was the urchin's name, a red-hair'd youth,
Fonder of purl and skittle-grounds than truth.
Silence, ye gods ! to keep your tongues in awe,
The Muse shall tell an accident she saw.

Pat Jennings in the upper gallery sat,
But, leaning forward, Jennings lost his hat :
Down from the gallery the beaver flew,
And spurn'd the one to settle in the two.
How shall he act ? Pay at the gallery door
Two shillings for what cost, when new, but four ?
Or till half-price, to save his shilling, wait,
And gain his hat again at half-past eight ?
John Mullins whispers, " Take my handkerchief."
And while his fears anticipate a thief,
" Thank you," cried Pat ; " but one won't make a line."
" Take mine," cried Wilson ; and cried Stokes, " Take
mine."
A motley cable soon Pat Jennings ties,

Where Spitalfields with real India vies.
 Like Iris' bow, down darts the painted clue,
 Starr'd, striped, and spotted, yellow, red, and blue,
 Old calico, torn silk, and muslin new.
 George Green below, with palpitating hand,
 Loops the last 'kerchief to the beaver's band—
 Up soars the prize ! The youth, with joy unfeign'd,
 Regained the felt, and felt what he regained.
 While to the applauding galleries grateful Pat
 Made a low bow, and touch'd the ransomed hat.

Drury Lane A-Burning

(With apologies to Sir Walter Scott)

As Chaos, which, by heavenly doom,
 Had slept in everlasting gloom,
 Started with terror and surprise
 When light first flash'd upon her eyes—
 So London's sons in nightcap woke,
 In bedgown woke her dames ;
 For shouts were heard 'mid fire and smoke,
 And twice ten hundred voices spoke—
 "The playhouse is in flames!"
 And, lo ! where Catherine Street extends,
 A fiery tail its lustre lends
 To every window-pane ;
 Blushes each spout in Martlet Court,
 And Barbican, moth-eaten fort,
 And Covent Garden kennels sport
 A bright ensanguined drain ;
 Meux's new brewhouse shows the light,
 Rowland Hill's chapel, and the height
 Where patent shot they sell ;
 The Tennis Court, so fair and tall,
 Partakes the ray, with Surgeon's Hall,
 The ticket-porters' house of call,
 Old Bedlam, close by London Wall,
 Wright's shrimp and oyster shop withal,
 And Richardson's Hotel.

Nor these alone, but far and wide,
 Across red Thames's gleaming tide,
 To distant fields, the blaze was borne,
 And daisy white and hoary thorn
 In borrow'd lustre seem'd to sham
 The rose or red Sweet Wil-li-am.
 To those who on the hills around
 Beheld the flames from Drury's mound,

As from a lofty altar rise,
 It seem'd that nations did conspire
 To offer to the god of fire

Some vast stupendous sacrifice !
 The summon'd firemen woke at call,
 And hied them to their stations all :
 Starting from short and broken snooze,
 Each sought his pond'rous hobnail'd shoes,
 But first his worsted hosen plied,
 Plush breeches next, in crimson dyed,

His nether bulk embraced ;
 Then jacket thick, of red or blue,
 Whose massy shoulder gave to view
 The badge of each respective crew,

In tin or copper traced.
 The engines thunder'd through the street,
 Fire-hook, pipe, bucket, all complete,
 And torches glared, and clattering feet

Along the pavement paced.
 And one, the leader of the band,
 From Charing Cross along the Strand,
 Like stag by beagles hunted hard,
 Ran till he stopp'd at Vin'gar Yard.
 The burning badge his shoulder bore,
 The belt and oil-skin hat he wore,
 The cane he had, his men to bang,
 Show'd foreman of the British gang—
 His name was Higginbottom. Now

'Tis meet that I should tell you how
 The others came in view :
 The Hand-in-Hand the race began,
 Then came the Phoenix and the Sun,

Th' Exchange where old insurers run,
 The Eagle, where the new ;
 With these came Rumford, Bumford, Cole,
 Robins, from Hockley in the Hole,
 Lawson and Dawson, cheek by jowl,
 Crump from St. Giles's Pound :
 Whitford and Mitford join'd the train,
 Huggins and Muggins from Chick Lane,
 And Clutterbuck, who got a sprain
 Before the plug was found.
 Hobson and Jobson did not sleep,
 But ah ! no trophy could they reap,
 For both were in the Donjon Keep
 Of Bridewell's gloomy mound !

E'en Higginbottom now was posed,
 For sadder scene was ne'er disclosed ;
 Without, within, in hideous show,
 Devouring flames resistless glow,
 And blazing rafters downward go,
 And never halloo " Heads below ! "

Nor notice give at all.
 The firemen terrified are slow
 To bid the pumping torrent flow,
 For fear the roof should fall.
 " Back, Robins, back ! Crump stand aloof !
 Whitford, keep near the walls !
 Huggins, regard your own behoof,
 For, lo ! the blazing rocking roof
 Down, down, in thunder falls ! "
 An awful pause succeeds the stroke,
 And o'er the ruins volumed smoke,
 Rolling around its pitchy shroud,
 Conceal'd them from th' astonish'd crowd.
 At length the mist awhile was clear'd,
 When lo ! amid the wreck uprear'd,
 Gradual a moving head appear'd,
 And Eagle firemen knew
 'Twas Joseph Muggins, name revered,
 The foreman of their crew.

Loud shouted all in signs of woe,
 "A Muggins I to the rescue, ho!"
 And poured the hissing tide:
 Meanwhile the Muggins fought amain,
 And strove and struggled all in vain,
 For, rallying but to fall again,
 He totter'd, sunk, and died!

Did none attempt, before he fell,
 To succour one they loved so well?
 Yes, Higginbottom did aspire
 (His fireman's soul was all on fire),
 His brother chief to save;
 But ah! his reckless generous ire
 Served but to share his grave!
 'Mid blazing beams and scalding streams,
 Through fire and smoke he dauntless broke,
 Where Muggins broke before.
 But sulphury stench and boiling drench,
 Destroying sight, o'erwhelmed him quite,
 He sunk to rise no more.
 Still o'er his head, while Fate he braved,
 His whizzing water-pipe he waved;
 "Whitford and Mitford, ply your pumps,
 You, Clutterbuck, come, stir your stumps,
 Why are you in such doleful dumps?
 A fireman, and afraid of bumps!—
 What are they fear'd on? fools! 'od rot 'em!"
 Were the last words of Higginbottom.

THOMAS CAMPBELL

The Jilted Nymph

I'M jilted, forsaken, outwitted ;

 Yet think not I'll whimper or brawl—
The lass is alone to be pitied

 Who ne'er has been courted at all ;
Never by great or small
Wooed or jilted at all ;

 Oh, how unhappy's the lass
Who has never been courted at all !

My brother called out the dear faithless ;

 In fits I was ready to fall
Till I found a policeman who, scatheless,
 Swore them both to the peace at Guildhall :
Seized them, seconds and all—
Pistols, powder, and ball ;
 I wished him to die my devoted,
But not in a duel to sprawl.

What though at my heart he has tilted,

 What though I have met with a fall ?
Better be courted and jilted

 Than never be courted at all.
Wooed and jilted and all,
Still I will dance at the ball ;
 And waltz and quadrille
With light heart and heel
With proper young men and tall.

But lately I've met with a suitor

 Whose heart I have gotten in thrall,

And I hope soon to tell you in future
That I'm wooed and married and all.
Wooed and married and all,
What greater bliss can befall ?
And you all shall partake
Of my bridal cake,
When I'm wooed and married and all.

THOMAS MOORE

On Taking a Wife

"COME, come," said Tom's father, "at your time of life,
There's no longer excuse for thus playing the rake—
It is time you should think, boy, of taking a wife"—
"Why, so it is, father,—whose wife shall I take?"

Love the Admiral

WHEN Love, who ruled as Admiral o'er
His rosy mother's isles of light,
Was cruising off the Paphian shore,
A sail at sunset hove in sight.
"A chase, a chase! my Cupids all,"
Said Love, the little Admiral.

Aloft the wingèd sailors sprung,
And swarming up the mast like bees,
The snow-white sails expanding flung,
Like broad magnolias to the breeze.
"Yo ho, yo ho, my Cupids all!"
Said Love, the little Admiral.

The chase was o'er—the bark was caught,
The wingèd crew her freight explored;
And found 'twas just as Love had thought,
For all was contraband aboard.
"A prize, a prize, my Cupids all!"
Said Love, the little Admiral.

Safe stowed in many a package there,
 And labelled slyly o'er, as "Glass,"
 Were lots of all the illegal ware,
 Love's Custom-House forbids to pass.
 "O'erhaul, o'erhaul, my Cupids all,"
 Said Love, the little Admiral.

False curls they found, of every hue,
 With rosy blushes ready made;
 And teeth of ivory, good as new,
 For veterans in the smiling trade.
 "Ho ho, ho ho, my Cupids all,"
 Said Love, the little Admiral.

Mock sighs, too,—kept in bags for use,
 Like breezes bought of Lapland seers,—
 Lay ready here to be let loose,
 When wanted, in young spinsters' ears.
 "Ha ha, ha ha, my Cupids all,"
 Said Love, the little Admiral.

False papers next on board were found,
 Sham invoices of flames and darts.
 Professedly for Paphos bound,
 But meant for Hymen's golden marts.
 "For shame, for shame, my Cupids all!"
 Said Love, the little Admiral.

Nay, still to every fraud awake,
 Those pirates all Love's signals knew,
 And hoisted oft his flag, to make
 Rich wards and heiresses bring-to.
 "A foe, a foe, my Cupids all!"
 Said Love, the little Admiral.

"This must not be," the boy exclaims,
 "In vain I rule the Paphian seas,
 If Love's and Beauty's sovereign names
 Are lent to cover frauds like these.
 Prepare, prepare, my Cupids all!"
 Said Love, the little Admiral.

Each Cupid stood with lighted match—
 A broadside struck the smuggling foe,
 And swept the whole unhallowed batch
 Of falsehood to the depths below.
 “Huzza, huzza ! my Cupids all ! ”
 Said Love, the little Admiral.

Rhyme on the Road

AND is there then no earthly place
 Where we can rest in dream Elysian,
 Without some cursed, round English face,
 Popping up near, to break the vision ?

Mid northern lakes, mid southern vines,
 Unholy cits we're doomed to meet ;
 Nor highest Alps nor Apennines
 Are sacred from Threadneedle Street !

If up the Simplon's path we wind,
 Fancying we leave this world behind,
 Such pleasant sounds salute one's ear
 As—“Baddish news from 'Change, my dear—

“The Funds—(phew, curse this ugly hill !)
 Are lowering fast—(what ! higher still ?)
 And—(zooks, we're mounting up to heaven !)—
 Will soon be down to sixty-seven.”

Go where we may, rest where we will,
 Eternal London haunts us still.
 The trash of Almack's or Fleet-Ditch—
 And scarce a pin's head difference *which*—
 Mixes, though even to Greece we run,
 With every rill from Helicon !
 And, if this rage for travelling lasts,
 If Cockneys, of all sects and castes,
 Old maidens, aldermen, and squires,
 Will leave their puddings and coal fires,

To gape at things in foreign lands—
 No soul among them understands—
 If Blues desert their coteries,
 To show off 'mong the Wahabees—
 If neither sex nor age controls,
 Nor fear of Mamelukes forbids
 Young ladies, with pink parasols,
 To glide among the pyramids—
 Why, then, farewell all hope to find
 A spot that's free from London-kind !
 Who knows, if to the West we roam,
 But we may find some *Blue* "at home"
 Among the *Blacks* of Carolina—
 Or, flying to the Eastward, see
 Some Mrs. Hopkins, taking tea
 And toast upon the Wall of China !

Love and Reason

'TWAS in the summer-time so sweet,
 When hearts and flowers are both in season,
 That—who, of all the world, should meet,
 One early dawn, but Love and Reason !

Love told his dream of yesternight,
 While Reason talked about the weather ;
 The morn, in sooth, was fair and bright,
 And on they took their way together.

The boy in many a gambol flew,
 While Reason, like a Juno, stalked,
 And from her portly figure threw
 A lengthened shadow, as she walked.

No wonder Love, as on they passed,
 Should find that sunny morning chill,
 For still the shadow Reason cast
 Fell o'er the boy, and cooled him still.

In vain he tried his wings to warm,
 Or find a pathway not so dim,
 For still the maid's gigantic form
 Would stalk between the sun and him.

" This must not be," said little Love—
 " The sun was made for more than you." "
 So, turning through a myrtle grove,
 He bid the portly nymph adieu.

Now gaily roves the laughing boy
 O'er many a mead, by many a stream ;
 In every breeze inhaling joy,
 And drinking bliss in every beam.

From all the gardens, all the bowers,
 He culled the many sweets they shaded,
 And ate the fruits and smelled the flowers,
 Till taste was gone and odour faded !

But now the sun, in pomp of noon,
 Looked blazing o'er the sultry plains ;
 Alas ! the boy grew languid soon,
 And fever thrilled through all his veins.

The dew forsook his baby brow,
 No more with healthy bloom he smiled—
 Oh ! where was tranquil Reason now,
 To cast her shadow o'er the child ?

Beneath a green and aged palm,
 His foot at length for shelter turning,
 He saw the nymph reclining calm,
 With brow as cool as his was burning.

" Oh ! take me to that bosom cold,"
 In murmurs at her feet he said ;
 And Reason oped her garment's fold,
 And flung it round his fevered head.

He felt her bosom's icy touch,
And soon it lulled his pulse to rest;
For, ah! the chill was quite too much,
And Love expired on Reason's breast!

If You have Seen

Good reader! if you e'er have seen,
When Phoebus hastens to his pillow,
The mermaids, with their tresses green,
Dancing upon the western billow:
If you have seen, at twilight dim,
When the lone spirit's vesper hymn
Floats wild along the winding shore:
If you have seen, through mist of eve,
The fairy train their ringlets weave,
Glancing along the spangled green;—
If you have seen all this and more,
God bless me! what a deal you've seen.

HORACE SMITH

Address to the Mummy in Belzoni's Exhibition

AND thou hast walked about (how strange a story !)
In Thebes's streets three thousand years ago,
When the Memnonium was in all its glory,
And time had not begun to overthrow
Those temples, palaces, and piles stupendous,
Of which the very ruins are tremendous !

Speak ! for thou long enough hast acted dummy ;
Thou hast a tongue, come, let us hear its tune ;
Thou'rt standing on thy legs above ground, mummy !
Revisiting the glimpses of the moon,
Not like thin ghosts or disembodied creatures,
But with thy bones and flesh, and limbs and features.

Tell us—for doubtless thou canst recollect—
To whom we should assign the Sphinx's fame ?
Was Cheops or Cephrenes architect
Of either Pyramid that bears his name ?
Is Pompey's Pillar really a misnomer ?
Had Thebes a hundred gates, as sung by Homer ?

Perhaps thou wert a mason, and forbidden
By oath to tell the secrets of thy trade—
Then say, what secret melody was hidden
In Memnon's statue, which at sunrise played ?
Perhaps thou wert a priest—if so, my struggles
Are vain, for priestcraft never owns its juggles.

Perchance that very hand, now pinioned flat,
Has hob-a-nobbed with Pharaoh, glass to glass ;

Or dropped a halfpenny in Homer's hat,
 Or doffed thine own to let Queen Dido pass,
 Or held, by Solomon's own invitation,
 A torch at the great Temple's dedication.

I need not ask thee if that hand, when armed,
 Has any Roman soldier mauled and knuckled,
 For thou wert dead and buried and embalmed,
 Ere Romulus and Remus had been suckled :
 Antiquity appears to have begun
 Long after thy primaeva race was run.

Thou couldst develop, if that withered tongue
 Might tell us what those sightless orbs have seen,
 How the world looked when it was fresh and young,
 And the great Deluge still had left it green—
 Or was it then so old, that History's pages
 Contained no record of its early ages ?

Still silent ! incommunicative elf !
 Art sworn to secrecy ? then keep thy vows .
 But prythee tell us something of thyself—
 Reveal the secrets of thy prison-house ;
 Since in the world of spirits thou hast slumbered,
 What hast thou seen—what strange adventures num-
 bered ?

Since first thy form was in this box extended,
 We have, above-ground, seen some strange mutations.
 The Roman empire has begun and ended,
 New worlds have risen—we have lost old nations,
 And countless Kings have into dust been humbled,
 While not a fragment of thy flesh has crumbled.

Didst thou not hear the pother o'er thy head,
 When the great Persian conqueror, Cambyses,
 Marched armies o'er thy tomb with thundering tread,
 O'erthrew Osiris, Orus, Apis, Isis,
 And shook the Pyramids with fear and wonder,
 When the gigantic Memnon fell asunder ?

If the tomb's secrets may not be confessed,
 The nature of thy private life unfold :—
 A heart has throbbed beneath that leathern breast,
 And tears adown that dusty cheek have rolled :—
 Have children climbed those knees, and kissed that face ?
 What was thy name and station, age and race ?

Statue of flesh—immortal of the dead !
 Imperishable type of evanescence !
 Posthumous man, who quitt'st thy narrow bed,
 And standest undecayed within our presence,
 Thou wilt hear nothing till the Judgment morning,
 When the great trump shall thrill thee with its warning.

Why should this worthless tegument endure,
 If its undying guest be lost for ever ?
 Oh, let us keep the soul embalmed and pure
 In living virtue that, when both must sever,
 Although corruption may our frame consume,
 The immortal spirit in the skies may bloom.

The Jester Condemned to Death

ONE of the Kings of Scanderoon,
 A Royal Jester,
 Had in his train a gross buffoon,
 Who used to pester
 The court with tricks inopportune,
 Venting on the highest folks his
 Scurvy pleasantries and hoaxes.

It needs some sense to play the fool ;
 Which wholesome rule
 Occurr'd not to our jackanapes,
 Who consequently found his freaks
 Lead to innumerable scrapes,
 And quite as many kicks and tweaks,
 Which only seem'd to make him faster
 Try the patience of his master.

Some sin at last, beyond all measure,
Incurr'd the desperate displeasure

 Of his serene and raging Highness :
Whether the wag had twitch'd his beard,
Which he felt bound to have revered,

 Or had intruded on the shyness
Of the seraglio, or let fly
An epigram at royalty,
None knows—his sin was an occult one ;
But records tell us that the Sultan,
Meaning to terrify the knave,

 Exclaim'd—“ ’Tis time to stop that breath ;
Thy doom is seal'd ;—presumptuous slave !
Thou stand'st condemn'd to certain death.
Silence, base rebel !—no replying !—

 But such is my indulgence still,
That, of my own free grace and will,
I leave to thee the mode of dying.”

“ Thy royal will be done—’tis just,”

Replied the wretch, and kiss'd the dust ;

 “ Since, my last moments to assuage,
Your Majesty’s humane decree

Has deign’d to leave the choice to me,
I’ll die, so please you, of old age ! ”

REGINALD HEBER

Sympathy

A KNIGHT and a lady once met in a grove,
While each was in quest of a fugitive love ;
A river ran mournfully murmuring by,
And they wept in its waters for sympathy.

“ O, never was knight such a sorrow that bore ! ”
“ O never was maid so deserted before ! ”
“ From life and its woes let us instantly fly,
And jump in together for company ! ”

They searched for an eddy that suited the deed,
But here was a bramble, and there was a weed ;
“ How tiresome it is ! ” said the fair with a sigh ;
So they sat down to rest them in company.

They gazed at each other, the maid and the knight ;
How fair was her form, and how goodly his height !
“ One mournful embrace ”, sobbed the youth, “ ere
we die ! ”
So kissing and crying kept company.

“ O, had I but loved such an angel as you ! ”
“ O, had but my swain been a quarter as true ! ”
“ To miss such perfection how blinded was I ! ”
Sure now they were excellent company !

At length spoke the lass, ‘twixt a smile and a tear,
“ The weather is cold for a watery bier ;
When summer returns we may easily die,
Till then let us sorrow in company.”

LEIGH HUNT

The Fish and the Man

Man to Fish

You strange, astonished-looking, angle-faced,
Dreary-mouthed, gaping wretches of the sea,
Gulping salt-water everlastingly,
Cold-blooded, though with red your blood be graced,
And mute, though dwellers in the roaring waste ;
And you, all shapes beside, that fishy be,—
Some round, some flat, some long, all devilry,
Legless, unloving, infamously chaste :—

O scaly, slippery, wet, swift, staring wights,
What is't ye do ? What life lead ? eh, dull goggles !
How do ye vary your vile days and nights ?
How pass your Sundays ? Are ye still but joggles
In ceaseless wash ? Still nought but gapes, and bites,
And drinks, and stares, diversified with boggles ?

Fish to Man

Amazing monster ! that, for aught I know,
With the first sight of thee didst make our race
For ever stare ! O flat and shocking face,
Grimly divided from the breast below !
Thou that on dry land horribly dost go
With a split body and most ridiculous pace,
Prong after prong, disgracer of all grace,
Long useless-finned, haired, upright, unwet, slow !

O breather of unbreathable, sword-sharp air,
How canst exist ? How bear thyself, thou dry
And dreary sloth ! What particle canst share
Of the only blessed life, the watery ?
I sometimes see of ye an actual *pair*
Go by ! linked fin by fin ! most odiously.

THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK

Rich and Poor

THE poor man's sins are glaring ;
In the face of ghostly warning
He is caught in the fact
Of an overt act—
Buying greens on Sunday morning.

The rich man's sins are hidden
In the pomp of wealth and station ;
And escape the sight
Of the children of light
Who are wise in their generation.

The rich man has a kitchen
And cooks to dress his dinner ;
The poor who would roast
To the baker's must post,
And thus becomes a sinner.

The rich man has a cellar,
And a ready butler by him ;
The poor must steer
For his pint of beer
Where the saint can't choose but spy him.

The rich man's painted windows
Hide the concerts of the quality ;
The poor can but share
A cracked fiddle in the air,
Which offends all sound morality.

The rich man is invisible
 In the crowd of his gay society ;
 ' But the poor man's delight
 Is a sore in the sight,
 And a stench in the nose of piety.

War Song of Dinas Vawr

THE mountain sheep are sweeter,
 But the valley sheep are fatter ;
 We therefore deemed it meeter
 To carry off the latter.
 We made an expedition ;
 We met a host and quelled it ;
 We forced a strong position,
 And killed the men who held it.

On Dyfed's richest valley,
 Where herds of kine were browsing,
 We made a mighty sally,
 To furnish our carousing.
 Fierce warriors rushed to meet us ;
 We met them, and o'erthrew them :
 They struggled hard to beat us ;
 But we conquered them, and slew them.

As we drove our prize at leisure,
 The king marched forth to catch us :
 His rage surpassed all measure,
 But his people could not match us.
 He fled to his hall-pillars ;
 And, ere our force we led off,
 Some sacked his house and cellars,
 While others cut his head off.

We there, in strife bewildering,
 Spilt blood enough to swim in :
 We orphaned many children,
 And widowed many women.

The eagles and the ravens
 We glutted with our foemen :
 The heroes and the cravens,
 The spearmen and the bowmen.

We brought away from battle,
 And much their land bemoaned them,
 Two thousand head of cattle,
 And the head of him who owned them :
 Ednyfed, King of Dyfed,
 His head was borne before us ;
 His wine and beasts supplied our feasts,
 And his overthrow, our chorus.

The Pool of the Diving Friar

GWENWYNWYN withdrew from the feasts of his hall :
 He slept very little, he prayed not at all :
 He pondered, and wandered, and studied alone ;
 And sought, night and day, the philosopher's stone.

He found it at length, and he made its first proof
 By turning to gold all the lead of his roof :
 Then he bought some magnanimous heroes, all fire,
 Who lived but to smite and be smitten for hire.

With these on the plains like a torrent he broke ;
 He filled the whole country with flame and with smoke ;
 He killed all the swine, and he broached all the wine ;
 He drove off the sheep, and the beeves, and the kine ;

He took castles and towns ; he cut short limbs and lives ;
 He made orphans and widows of children and wives :
 This course many years he triumphantly ran,
 And did mischief enough to be called a great man.

When, at last, he had gained all for which he had striven,
 He bethought him of buying a passport to heaven ;
 Good and great as he was, yet he did not well know,
 How soon, or which way, his great spirit might go.

He sought the grey friars, who beside a wild stream,
Reflected their frames on a primitive scheme ;
The gravest and wisest Gwenwynwyn found out,
All lonely and ghostly, and angling for trout.

Below the white dash of a mighty cascade,
Where a pool of the stream a deep resting-place made,
And rock-rooted oaks stretched their branches on high,
The friar stood musing, and throwing his fly.

To him said Gwenwynwyn, “ Hold, father, here’s store,
For the good of the church, and the good of the poor ” ;
Then he gave him the stone ; but, ere more he could
speak,
Wrath came on the friar, so holy and meek.

He had stretched forth his hand to receive the red gold,
And he thought himself mocked by Gwenwynwyn the
Bold ;
And in scorn of the gift, and in rage at the giver,
He jerked it immediately into the river.

Gwenwynwyn, aghast, not a syllable spake ;
The philosopher’s stone made a duck and a drake ;
Two systems of circles a moment were seen,
And the stream smoothed them off, as they never had
been.

Gwenwynwyn regained, and uplifted his voice,
“ Oh friar, grey friar, full rash was thy choice ;
The stone, the good stone, which away thou hast thrown,
Was the stone of all stones, the philosopher’s stone.”

The friar looked pale, when his error he knew ;
The friar looked red, and the friar looked blue ;
And heels over head, from the point of a rock,
He plunged, without stopping to pull off his frock.

He dived very deep, but he dived all in vain,
The prize he had sighted he found not again ;

Many times did the friar his diving renew,
And deeper and deeper the river still grew.

Gwenwynwyn gazed long, of his senses in doubt,
To see the grey friar a diver so stout ;
Then sadly and slowly his castle he sought,
And left the friar diving, like dabchick distraught.

Gwenwynwyn fell sick with alarm and despite,
Died, and went to the devil, the very same night ;
The magnanimous heroes he held in his pay
Sacked his castle, and marched with the plunder away.

No knell on the silence of midnight was rolled
For the flight of the soul of Gwenwynwyn the Bold.
The brethren, unfead, let the mighty ghost pass,
Without praying a prayer, or intoning a mass.

The friar haunted ever beside the dark stream ;
The philosopher's stone was his thought and his dream :
And day after day, ever head under heels,
He dived all the time he could spare from his meals.

He dived, and he dived, to the end of his days,
As the peasants oft witnessed with fear and amaze.
The mad friar's diving-place long was their theme,
And no plummet can fathom that pool of the stream.

And still, when light clouds on the midnight winds ride,
If by moonlight you stray on the lone river-side,
The ghost of the friar may be seen diving there,
With head in the water, and heels in the air.

R. H. B A R H A M

Misadventures at Margate
A Legend of Jarvis's Jetty

MR. SIMPKINSON (*loquitor*)

'TWAS in Margate last July, I walk'd upon the pier,
I saw a little vulgar Boy—I said, "What make you
here?"

The gloom upon your youthful cheek speaks anything
but joy";
Again I said, "What make you here, you little vulgar
Boy?"

He frown'd, that little vulgar Boy—he deem'd I meant
to scoff—

And when the little heart is big, a little "sets it off".
He put his finger in his mouth, his little bosom rose,—
He had no little handkerchief to wipe his little nose!—

"Hark! don't you hear, my little man?—it's striking
Nine," I said,

"An hour when all good little boys and girls should be
in bed.

Run home and get your supper, else your Ma will scold
—Oh! fie!

It's very wrong indeed for little boys to stand and cry!"

The tear-drop in his little eye again began to spring,
His bosom throb'd with agony,—he cried like any-
thing!

I stooped, and thus amidst his sobs I heard him mur-
mur—"Ah!"

I haven't got no supper! and I haven't got no Ma!!—

" My father, he is on the seas—my mother's dead and gone !
 And I am here, on this here pier, to roam the world alone ;
 I have not had, this live-long day, one drop to cheer my heart,
 Nor '*brown*' to buy a bit of bread with,—let alone a tart.

" If there's a soul will give me food, or find me in employ,
 By day or night, then blow me tight ! " (he was a vulgar Boy) ;
 " And now I'm here, from this here pier it is my fixed intent
 To jump, as Mister Levi did from off the Monu-ment ! "

" Cheer up ! Cheer up ! my little man—cheer up," I kindly said,
 " You are a naughty boy to take such things into your head :
 If you should jump from off the pier, you'd surely break your legs,
 Perhaps your neck—then Bogey'd have you, sure as eggs are eggs !

" Come home with me, my little man, come home with me and sup ;
 My landlady is Mrs. Jones—we must not keep her up—
 There's roast potatoes at the fire,—enough for me and you—
 Come home, you little vulgar Boy—I lodge at Number 2."

I took him home to Number 2, the house beside " The Foy " ;
 I bade him wipe his dirty shoes,—that little vulgar Boy,—
 And then I said to Mistress Jones, the kindest of her sex,
 " Pray be so good as go and fetch a pint of double X."

But Mrs. Jones was rather cross, she made a little noise,
She said she "did not like to wait on little vulgar
Boys."

She with her apron wiped the plates, and as she rubbed
the delf,
Said I might "go to Jericho, and fetch my beer my-
self!"

I did not go to Jericho—I went to Mr Cobb—
I changed a shilling—(which in town the people call "a
Bob")—

It was not so much for myself as for that vulgar child—
And I said, "A pint of double X, and please to draw it
mild!"

When I came back I gazed about—I gazed on stool and
chair—

I could not see my little friend—because he was not
there!

I peep'd beneath the table-cloth—beneath the sofa too—
I said, "You little vulgar Boy! why what's become of
you?"

I could not see my table-spoons—I look'd, but could
not see

The little fiddle-pattern'd ones I use when I'm at tea;
—I could not see my sugar-tongs—my silver watch—
oh, dear!

I know 'twas on the mantelpiece when I went out for
beer.

I could not see my Macintosh—it was not to be
seen:

Nor yet my best white beaver hat, broad-brimm'd and
lined with green;

My carpet-bag—my cruet-stand, that holds my sauce
and soy,—

My roast potatoes!—all are gone! and so's that vulgar
Boy!

I rang the bell for Mrs. Jones, for she was down below,
 " Oh, Mrs. Jones ! what *do* you think ?—ain't this a
 pretty go ?—
 —That horrid little vulgar Boy whom I brought here
 to-night,
 —He's stolen my things and run away !! ” Says she,
 “ And sarve you right !! ”

Next morning I was up betimes—I sent the Crier round,
 All with his bell and gold-laced hat, to say I'd give a
 pound
 To find that little vulgar Boy, who'd gone and used me
 so ;
 But when the Crier cried, “ O yes ! ” the people cried,
 “ O no ! ”

I went to “ Jarvis' Landing-place ”, the glory of the
 town,
 There was a common Sailor-man a-walking up and
 down,
 I told my tale—he seem'd to think I'd not been treated
 well,
 And called me “ Poor old Buffer ! ”—what that means I
 cannot tell.

That Sailor-man he said he'd seen that morning on the
 shore,
 A son of—something—’twas a name I'd never heard
 before,
 A little “ gallows-looking chap ”—dear me ; what could
 he mean ?
 With a “ carpet-swab ” and “ muckingtogs,” and a hat
 turned up with green.

He spoke about his “ precious eyes ”, and said he'd seen
 him “ sheer ”,
 —It's very odd that Sailor-men should talk so very
 queer—
 And then he hitch'd his trousers up, as is, I'm told, their
 use,

—It's very odd that Sailor-men should wear those things so loose.

I did not understand him well, but think he meant to say

He'd seen that little vulgar Boy, that morning swim away

In Captain Large's *Royal George*, about an hour before,
And they were now, as he supposed, "somewheres"
about the Nore.

A landsman said, "I *twig* the chap—he's been upon the Mill—

And 'cause he *gammons* so the *flats*, ve calls him Veeping Bill!"

He said, "he'd done me wery brown," and nicely "*stow'd* the *swag*",

—That's French, I fancy, for a hat—or else a carpet-bag.

I went and told the constable my property to track ;
He ask'd me if "I did not wish that I might get it back ?"

I answered, "To be sure I do—it's what I'm come about ;"

He smiled and said, "Sir, does your mother know that you are out ?"

Not knowing what to do, I thought I'd hasten back to town,

And beg our own Lord Mayor to catch the Boy who'd "done me brown".

His Lordship very kindly said he'd try and find him out,
But he rather thought that there were several vulgar boys about.

He sent for Mr. Whithair then, and I describ'd "the swag",

My Macintosh, my sugar-tongs, my spoons and carpet-bag ;

He promised that the New Police should all their powers
employ !
But never to this hour have I beheld that vulgar Boy !

MORAL

Remember, then, what when a boy I've heard my
Grandma tell,

" BE WARN'D IN TIME BY OTHERS' HARM, AND YOU SHALL
DO FULL WELL ! "

Don't link yourself with vulgar folks, who've got no
fixed abode,

Tell lies, use naughty words, and say " they wish they
may be blow'd ! "

Don't take too much of double X !—and don't at night
go out

To fetch your beer yourself, but make the pot-boy bring
your stout !

And when you go to Margate next, just stop, and ring
the bell,

Give my respects to Mrs. Jones, and say I'm pretty well !

L O R D B Y R O N

After Swimming from Sestos to Abydos

IF, in the month of dark December,
Leander, who was nightly wont
(What maid will not the tale remember ?)
To cross thy stream, broad Hellespont !

If, when the wintry tempest roar'd,
He sped to Hero, nothing loth,
And thus of old thy current pour'd,
Fair Venus ! how I pity both !

For *me*, degenerate modern wretch,
Though in the genial month of May,
My dripping limbs I faintly stretch,
And think I've done a feat to-day.

But since he cross'd the rapid tide,
According to the doubtful story,
To woo,—and—Lord knows what beside,
And swam for Love, as I for Glory ;

'Twere hard to say who fared the best :
Sad mortals ! thus the Gods still plague you !
He lost his labour, I my jest :
For he was drown'd, and I've the ague.

Lines to Mr. Hodgson

Written on board the Lisbon Packet

HUZZA ! Hodgson, we are going,
Our embargo's off at last ;
Favourable breezes blowing
Bend the canvas o'er the mast.

From aloft the signal's streaming,
 Hark ! the farewell gun is fired ;
 Women screeching, tars blaspheming,
 Tell us that our time's expired.
 Here's a rascal
 Come to task all,
 Prying from the custom-house,
 Trunks unpacking,
 Cases cracking,
 Not a corner for a mouse
 'Scapes unsearched amid the racket,
 Ere we sail on board the Packet.

Now our boatmen quit their mooring,
 And all hands must ply the oar ;
 Baggage from the quay is lowering,
 We're impatient, push from shore.
 " Have a care ! that case holds liquor—
 Stop the boat—I'm sick—oh Lord ! "
 " Sick, ma'am, damme, you'll be sicker
 Ere you've been an hour on board."
 Thus are screaming
 Men and women,
 Gemmen, ladies, servants, Jacks ;
 Here entangling,
 All are wrangling,
 Stuck together close as wax.—
 Such the general noise and racket,
 Ere we reach the Lisbon Packet.

Now we've reached her, lo ! the captain,
 Gallant Kidd, commands the crew ;
 Passengers their berths are clapped in,
 Some to grumble, some to spew,
 " Heyday ! call you that a cabin ?
 Why 'tis hardly three feet square :
 Not enough to stow Queen Mab in—
 Who the deuce can harbour there ? "
 " Who, sir ? plenty—
 Nobles twenty

Did at once my vessel fill."—

" Did they ? Bacchus,

How you pack us !

Would to Heaven they did so still :

Then I'd 'scape the heat and racket

Of the good ship, Lisbon Packet."

Fletcher ! Murray ! Bob ! where are you ?

Stretched along the deck like logs—

Bear a hand, you jolly tar, you !

Here's a rope's end for the dogs.

Hobhouse muttering fearful curses,

As the hatchway down he rolls

Now his breakfast, now his verses,

Vomits forth—and damns our souls.

" Here's a stanza

On Braganza—

Help ! "—" A couplet ? "—" No, a cup

Of warm water—"

" What's the matter ? "

" Zounds ! my liver's coming up ;

I shall not survive the racket

Of this brutal Lisbon Packet."

Now at length we're off for Turkey,

Lord knows when we shall come back !

Breezes foul and tempests murky

May unship us in a crack.

But, since life at most a jest is,

As philosophers allow,

Still to laugh by far the best is,

Then laugh on—as I do now.

Laugh at all things,

Great and small things,

Sick or well, at sea or shore ;

While we're quaffing,

Let's have laughing—

Who the devil cares for more ?—

Some good wine ! and who would lack it,

Ev'n on board the Lisbon Packet ?

THEODORE HOOK

Cautionary Verses to Youth of both Sexes

My little dears, who learn to read, pray, early learn to
shun

That very silly thing indeed, which people call a pun :
Read Entick's rules, and 'twill be found how simple an
offence

It is, to make the selfsame sound afford a double sense.

For instance, *ale* may make you *ail*, your *amt* an *ant* may
kill.

You in a *vale* may buy a *veil* and *Bill* may pay the *bill*.
Or if to France your *bark* you steer, at Dover, it may be,
A *peer* appears upon the *pier*, who, blind, still goes to *sea*.

Thus one might say, when to a treat, good friends accept
our greeting,

"Tis *meet* that men who *meet* to eat should eat their *meat*
when meeting.

Brawn on the board's no *bore* indeed, although from *boar*
prepared ;

Nor can the *fowl*, on which we feed, *foul* feeding be
declared.

Thus *one* ripe fruit may be a *pear*, and yet be *pared* again,
And still be *one*, which seemeth rare, until we do explain.
It therefore should be all your aim to speak with ample
care :

For who, however fond of game, would choose to
swallow *hair* ?

A fat man's *gait* may make us smile, who has no *gate* to close ;

The farmer sitting on his *style* no stylish person knows.
Perfumers men of *scents* must be ; some *Scilly* men are bright ;

A *brown* man oft deep *read* we see, a *black* a wicked *night*.

Most wealthy men good *manors* have, however vulgar they ;

And actors still the harder slave the oftener they *play* :
So poets can't the *baize* obtain, unless their tailors choose ;
While grooms and coachmen, not in vain, each evening seek the *Mews*.

The *dyer* who by *dyeing* lives, a *dire* life maintains ;
The glazier, it is known, receives—his profits from his *panes* :

By gardeners *thyme* is *tied*, 'tis true, when spring is in its prime ;
But *time* or *tide* won't wait for you, if you are *tied* for time.

Then now you see, my little dears, the way to make a pun ;

A trick which you, through coming years, should sedulously shun.

The fault admits of no defence : for wheresoe'er 'tis found,

You sacrifice the *sound* for *sense* : the sense is never *sound*.

So let your words and actions too, one single meaning prove,

And, just in all you say or do, you'll gain esteem and love.

In mirth and play no harm you'll know, when duty's task is done ;

But parents ne'er should let you go unpunish'd for a pun !

S A M U E L L O V E R

Ask and Have

“ OH, 'tis time I should talk to your mother,
 Sweet Mary,” says I ;
“ Oh, don't talk to my mother,” says Mary,
 Beginning to cry :
“ For my mother says men are deceivers,
 And never, I know, will consent ;
She says girls in a hurry who marry,
 At leisure repent.”

“ Then suppose I would talk to your father,
 Sweet Mary,” says I ;
“ Oh, don't talk to my father,” says Mary,
 Beginning to cry :
“ For my father, he loves me so dearly,
 He'll never consent I should go—
If you talk to my father,” says Mary,
 “ He'll surely say ‘ No ’.”

“ Then how shall I get you, my jewel ?
 Sweet Mary,” says I ;
“ If your father and mother's so cruel,
 Most surely I'll die ! ”
“ Oh, never say die, dear,” says Mary ;
 “ A way now to save you I see :
Since my parents are both so contrary—
 You'd better ask *me*.”

ALARIC WATTS

The Siege of Belgrade

AN Austrian army, awfully arrayed,
Boldly by battery besieged Belgrade ;
Cossack commanders cannonading come,
Dealing destruction's devastating doom.
Ev'ry endeavour engineers essay,
For fame, for fortune fighting—furious fray !
Generals 'gainst generals grapple—gracious God,
How Heaven honours heroic hardihood !
Ibrahim, Islam, Ismael, imps in ill,
Jostle John, Jarovlitz, Jem, Joe, Jack, Jill ;
Kindred kill kinsmen—kinsmen kindred kill !
Labour low levels loftiest, longest lines ;
Men march mid mounds, mid moles, mid mur-
derous mines.
Now noisy noxious numbers notice nought
Of outward obstacles opposing ought :
Poor patriots, partly purchased, partly pressed,
Quite quaking, quickly, "Quarter ! quarter !" quest.
Reason returns, religious right redounds,
Suwarrow stops such sanguinary sounds :
Truce to thee, Turkey—triumph to thy train !
Unjust, unwise, unmerciful Ukraine !
Vanish, vain victory ! Vanish, victory vain !
Why wish we warfare ? Wherefore welcome were
Xerxes, Ximenes, Xanthus, Xavier ?
Yield, yield, ye youths ! ye yeomen, yield your yell !
Zeno's, Zarpatus', Zoroaster's zeal
Again attract ; arts against arms appeal.

THOMAS HOOD

The Bachelor's Dream

My pipe is lit, my grog is mix'd,
My curtains drawn and all is snug ;
Old Puss is in her elbow-chair,
And Tray is sitting on the rug.
Last night I had a curious dream ;
Miss Susan Bates was Mistress Mogg—
What d'ye think of that, my Cat ?
What d'ye think of that, my Dog ?

She look'd so fair, she sang so well,
I could but woo and she was won,
Myself in blue, the bride in white,
The ring was placed, the deed was done !
Away we went in chaise-and-four,
As fast as grinning boys could flog—
What d'ye think of that, my Cat ?
What d'ye think of that, my Dog ?

What loving tête-à-têtes to come !
But tête-à-têtes must still defer !
When Susan came to live with me,
Her mother came to live with her !
With sister Belle she couldn't part,
But all my ties had leave to jog—
What d'ye think of that, my Cat ?
What d'ye think of that, my Dog ?

The mother brought a pretty Poll—
A monkey too,—what work he made !
The sister introduced a Beau—
My Susan brought a favourite maid.

She had a tabby of her own,—
 A snappish mongrel christen'd Gog—
 What d'ye think of that, my Cat ?
 What d'ye think of that, my Dog ?

The Monkey bit—the Parrot scream'd,
 All day the sister strumm'd and sung ;
 The petted maid was such a scold !
 My Susan learn'd to use her tongue :
 Her mother had such wretched health,
 She sate and croak'd like any frog—
 What d'ye think of that, my Cat ?
 What d'ye think of that, my Dog ?

No longer “ Deary ”, “ Duck ”, and “ Love ”,
 I soon came down to simple “ M ! ”
 The very servants cross'd my wish,
 My Susan let me down to them.
 The poker hardly seem'd my own,
 I might as well have been a log—
 What d'ye think of that, my Cat ?
 What d'ye think of that, my Dog ?

My clothes they were the queerest shape !
 Such coats and hats she never met !
 My ways they were the oddest ways !
 My friends were such a vulgar set !
 Poor Tomkinson was snubb'd and huff'd—
 She could not bear that Mister Blogg—
 What d'ye think of that, my Cat ?
 What d'ye think of that, my Dog ?

At times we had a spar, and then
 Mamma must mingle in the song—
 The sister took a sister's part—
 The Maid declared her Master wrong—
 The Parrot learn'd to call me “ Fool ! ”
 My life was like a London fog—
 What d'ye think of that, my Cat ?
 What d'ye think of that, my Dog ?

My Susan's taste was superfine,
As proved by bills that had no end—
I never had a decent coat—
I never had a coin to spend !
She forced me to resign my Club,
Lay down my pipe, retrench my grog—
What d'ye think of that, my Cat ?
What d'ye think of that, my Dog ?

Each Sunday night we gave a rout
To fops and flirts, a pretty list ;
And when I tried to steal away,
I found my study full of whist !
Then, first to come and last to go,
There always was a Captain Hogg—
What d'ye think of that, my Cat ?
What d'ye think of that, my Dog ?

Now was not that an awful dream
For one who single is and snug—
With Pussy in the elbow-chair
And Tray reposing on the rug ?—
If I must totter down the hill,
'Tis safest done without a clog—
What d'ye think of that, my Cat ?
What d'ye think of that, my Dog ?

The Drowning Ducks

AMONGST the sights that Mrs. Bond
Enjoyed, yet grieved at more than others—
Were little ducklings in a pond,
Swimming about beside their mothers—
Small things like living water-lilies,
But yellow as the daffo-dillies.

“ It's very hard,” she used to moan,
“ That other people have their ducklings
To grace their waters—mine alone
Have never any pretty chucklings.”

For why!—each little yellow navy
Went down—all downy—to old Davy!

She had a lake—a pond I mean—

Its wave was rather thick than pearly—
She had two ducks, their napes were green—

She had a drake, his tail was curly,—
Yet spite of drake, and ducks, and pond,
No little ducks had Mrs. Bond!

The birds were both the best of mothers—

The nests had eggs—the eggs had luck—
The infant D.'s came forth like others—

But there; alas! the matter stuck!

They might as well have all died addle,
As die when they began to paddle!

For when, as native instinct taught her,

The mother set her brood afloat,
They sank ere long right under water,

Like any overloaded boat;

They were web-footed too to see,
As ducks and spiders ought to be!

No peccant humour in a gander

Brought havoc on her little folks,

No poaching cook—a frying pander

To appetite,—destroyed their yolks;

Beneath her very eyes, 'od rot 'em!

They went like plummets to the bottom.

The thing was strange—a contradiction

It seemed of nature and her works!

For little ducks, beyond conviction,

Should float without the help of corks:

Great Johnson it bewildered him

To hear of ducks that could not swim!

Poor Mrs. Bond! what could she do

But change the breed—and she tried divers,

Which dived as all seemed born to do;

No little ones were e'er survivors—

Like those that copy gems, I'm thinking,
They all were given to die-sinking !

In vain their downy coats were shorn :
They floundered still ;—Batch after batch went !
The little fools seemed only born
And hatched for nothing but a hatchment !
Whene'er they launched—oh sight of wonder !
Like fires the water “ got them under ! ”

No woman ever gave their lucks
A better chance than Mrs. Bond did ;
At last quite out of heart and ducks,
She gave her pond up and desponded ;
For Death among the water-lilies,
Cried “ *Duc ad me*,” to all her dillies.

But though resolved to breed no more,
She brooded often on this riddle—
Alas ! twas darker than before !
At last, about the summer's middle,
What Johnson, Mrs. Bond, or none did,
To clear the matter up, the sun did !

The thirsty Sirius, dog-like, drank
So deep his furious tongue to cool,
The shallow waters sank and sank,
And lo, from out the wasted pool,
Too hot to hold them any longer,
There crawled some eels as big as conger !

I wish all folks would look a bit,
In such a case below the surface ;
But when the eels were caught and split
By Mrs. Bond, just think of *her* face,
In each inside at once to spy
A duckling turned to giblet pie !

The sight at once explained the case,
 Making the Dame look rather silly,
 The tenants of that *Eely Place*
 Had found the way to *Pick a dilly*,
 And so by under-water suction,
 Had wrought the little ducks' abduction.

Ben Bluff

BEN BLUFF was a whaler, and many a day
 Had chased the huge fish about Baffin's old Bay ;
 But time brought a change his division to spoil,
 And that was when Gas took the shine out of Oil.

He turn'd up his nose at the fumes of the coke,
 And swore the whole scheme was a bottle of smoke :
 As to London, he briefly deliver'd his mind,
 " Sparm-city," said he—but the City declined.

So Ben cut his line in a sort of a huff,
 As soon as his Whales had brought profits enough,
 And hard by the Docks settled down for his life,
 But, true to his text, went to Wales for a wife.

A big one she was, without figure or waist,
 More bulky than lovely, but that was his taste ;
 In fat she was lapp'd from her sole to her crown,
 And, turn'd into oil, would have lighted a town.

But Ben like a Whaler was charm'd with the match,
 And thought, very truly, his spouse a great catch ;
 A flesh-and-blood emblem of Plenty and Peace,
 And would not have changed her for Helen of Greece.

For Greenland was green in his memory still ;
 He'd quitted his trade, but retain'd the good-will ;
 And often when soften'd by bumbo¹ and flip,²
 Would cry—till he blubber'd—about his old ship.

¹ Rum.

² Sweetened beer.

No craft like the *Grampus* could work through a floe,
 What knots she could run, and what tons she could stow,
 And then that rich smell he preferr'd to the rose,
 By just nosing the whole without holding his nose.

Now Ben he resolved one fine Saturday night,
 A snug Arctic Circle of friends to invite,
 Old Tars in the trade, who related old tales,
 And drank, and blew clouds that were " very like
 whales ! "

Of course with their grog there was plenty of chat
 Of canting, and flinching, and cutting up fat ;
 And how Gun Harpoons into fashion had got,
 And if they were meant for the Gun-whale or not ?

At last they retired, and left Ben to his rest,
 By fancies cetaceous,¹ and drink well possess'd,
 When, lo ! as he lay by his partner in bed,
 He heard something blow through two holes in its head.

" A start ! " muttered Ben, in the *Grampus* afloat,
 And made but one jump from the deck to the boat !
 " Huzza ! pull away for the blubber and bone—
 I look on that whale as already my own ! "

Then groping about by the light of the moon,
 He soon laid his hand on his trusty harpoon ;
 A moment he poised it, to send it more pat,
 And then made a plunge to imbed it in fat.

" Starn all ! " he sang out, " as you care for your lives—
 Starn all, as you hope to return to your wives—
 Stand by for the flurry ! she throws up the foam !
 Well done, my old iron, I've sent you right home ! "

And scarce had he spoken when lo ! bolt upright
 The Leviathan rose in a great sheet of white,
 And swiftly advanced for a fathom or two,
 As only a fish out of water could do.

* Pertaining to a whale.

" Starn all ! " echoed Ben, with a movement aback,
 But too slow to escape from the creature's attack ;
 If flippers it had, they were furnish'd with nails,—
 " You willin, I'll teach you that Women an't Whales ! "

" Avast ! " shouted Ben, with a sort of a screech,
 " I've heard a Whale spouting, but *here* is a speech ! "
 " A-spouting, indeed ! !—very pretty," said she ;
 " But it's you I'll blow up, not the froth of the sea ! "

" To go to pretend to take *me* for a fish !
 You great Polar Bear—but I know what you wish—
 You're sick of a wife, that your hankering baulks—
 You want to go back to some young Esquimaux ! "

" O dearest," cried Ben, frighten'd out of his life,
 " Don't think I would go for to murder a wife
 I must long have bewail'd"— But she only cried
 " Stuff !
 Don't name it, you brute, you've *be-whaled* me enough ! "

" Lord, Polly," said Ben, " such a deed could I do ?
 I'd rather have murder'd all Wapping than you !
 Come, forgive what is passed." " O you monster ! "
 she cried,
 " It was none of your fault that it passed of one side ! "

However, at last she inclined to forgive :
 " But, Ben, take this warning as long as you live—
 If the love of harpooning so strong must prevail,
 Take a whale for a wife, not a wife for a whale."

The Wee Man

It was a merry company,
 And they were just afloat,
 When lo ! a man, of dwarfish span,
 Came up and hail'd the boat.

" Good Morrow to ye, gentle folks,
 And will you let me in ?—
 A slender space will serve my case,
 For I am small and thin."

They saw he was a dwarfish man,
 And very small and thin ;
 Not seven such would matter much,
 And so they took him in.

They laugh'd to see his little hat,
 With such a narrow brim ;
 They laugh'd to note his dapper coat
 With skirts so scant and trim.

But barely had they gone a mile,
 When, gravely, one and all
 At once began to think the man
 Was not so very small.

His coat had got a broader skirt,
 His hat a broader brim,
 His leg grew stout, and soon plump'd out
 A very proper limb.

Still on they went, and as they went,
 More rough the billows grew,—
 And rose and fell, a greater swell,
 And he was swelling too !

And lo ! where room had been for seven,
 For six there scarce was space !
 For five !—for four !—for three !—not more
 Than two could find a place !

There was not even room for one !
 They crowded by degrees—
 Aye—closer yet, till elbows met,
 And knees were jogging knees.

" Good sir, you must not sit a-stern,
 The wave will else come in ! "
 Without a word he gravely stirr'd,
 Another seat to win.

" Good sir, the boat has lost her trim,
 You must not sit a-lec ! "
 With smiling face, and courteous grace,
 The middle seat took he.

But still, by constant quiet growth,
 His back became so wide,
 Each neighbour wight, to left and right,
 Was thrust against the side.

Lord ! how they chided with themselves,
 That they had let him in ;
 To see him grow so monstrous now,
 That came so small and thin.

On every brow a dew-drop stood,
 They grew so scared and hot,—
 " I' the name of all that's great and tall,
 Who are ye, sir, and what ? "

Loud laugh'd the Gogmagog, a laugh
 As loud as giant's roar—
 " When first I came, my proper name
 Was Little—now I'm *Moore* ! " ¹

The Duel

IN Brentford town, of old renown,
 There lived a Mister Bray,
 Who fell in love with Lucy Bell,
 And so did Mr. Clay.

¹ Thomas Moore published some early verse under the pen-name of Thomas Little.

To see her ride from Hammersmith,
 By all it was allowed,
 Such fair outsides are seldom seen,
 Such Angels on a Cloud.

Said Mr. Bray to Mr. Clay,
 You choose to rival me,
 And court Miss Bell, but there your court
 No thoroughfare shall be.

Unless you now give up your suit,
 You may repent your love ;
 I who have shot a pigeon match
 Can shoot a turtle dove.

So pray before you woo her more,
 Consider what you do ;
 If you pop aught to Lucy Bell,—
 I'll pop it into you.

Said Mr. Clay to Mr. Bray,
 Your threats I quite explode ;
 One who has been a volunteer
 Knows how to prime and load.

And so I say to you, unless
 Your passion quiet keeps,
 I, who have shot and hit bulls' eyes,
 May chance to hit a sheep's.

Now gold is oft for silver changed,
 And that for copper red ;
 But these two went away to give
 Each other change for lead.

But first they sought a friend apiece,
 This pleasant thought to give—
 When they were dead, they thus should have
 Two seconds still to live.

To measure out the ground not long
 The seconds then forbore,
 And, having taken one rash step,
 They took a dozen more.

They next prepared each pistol-pan
 Against the deadly strife,
 By putting in the prime of death
 Against the prime of life.

Now all was ready for the foes,
 But when they took their stands,
 Fear made them tremble so, they found
 They both were shaking hands.

Said Mr. C. to Mr. B.,
 Here one of us may fall,
 And, like St. Paul's Cathedral, now
 Be doomed to have a fall.

I do confess I did attach
 Misconduct to your name ;
 If I withdraw the charge, will then
 Your ramrod do the same ?

Said Mr. B., I do agree—
 But think of Honour's Courts !
 If we go off without a shot,
 There will be strange reports.

But look, the morning now is bright,
 Though cloudy it begun :
 Why can't we aim above, as if
 We had called out the sun ?

So up into the harmless air
 Their bullets they did send ;
 And may all other duels have
 That upshot in the end !

No!

No sun—no moon !
 No morn—no noon—
 No dawn—no dusk—no proper time of day—
 No sky—no earthly view—
 No distance looking blue—
 No road—no street—no “ t’other side the way ”—
 No end to any Row—
 No indications where the Crescents go—
 No top to any steeple—
 No recognitions of familiar people—
 No courtesies for showing ‘em—
 No knowing ‘em !—
 No travelling at all—no locomotion,
 No inkling of the way—no notion—
 “ No go ”—by land or ocean—
 No mail—no post—
 No news from any foreign coast—
 No Park—no Ring—no afternoon gentility—
 No company—no nobility—
 No warmth, no cheerfulness, no healthful ease,
 No comfortable feel in any member—
 No shade, no shine, no butterflies, no bees,
 No fruits, no flowers, no leaves, no birds,—
 November !

ANONYMOUS

Miss Ellen Gee of Kew

PEERLESS yet hopeless maid of Q,
Accomplish'd L N G;
Never again shall I and U
Together sip our T.
For oh ! the fates, I know not Y,
Sent midst the flowers a B;
Which, ven'mous, stung her in the I,
So that she could not C.

L N exclaimed, "Vile spiteful B,
If ever I catch U
On jessmine, rosebud or sweet P,
I'll change your singing Q.

" I'll send you like a lamb or U,
Across the Atlantic C;
From our delightful village Q,
To distant O Y E.
A stream runs from my wounded I,
Salt as the briny C,
As rapid as the X or Y,
The O I O or D.

" Then fare thee ill, insensate B,
Which stung nor yet knew Y,
Since not for wealthy Durham's C
Would I have lost my I."
They bear with tears poor L N G
In funeral R A,
A clay cold corse now doomed to B,
Whilst I mourn her D K.

Ye nymphs of Q, then shun each B,
List to the reason Y ;
For should A B C U at T,
He'll surely sting your I.
Now in a grave L deep in Q,
She's cold as cold can B ;
Whilst robins sing upon A U,
Her dirge and L E G.

WINTHROP MACKWORTH PRAED

The Vicar

SOME years ago, ere time and taste
Had turned our parish topsy-turvy,
When Darnel Park was Darnel Waste,
And roads as little known as scurvy,
The man who lost his way, between
St. Mary's Hill and Sandy Thicket,
Was always shown across the green,
And guided to the Parson's wicket.

Back flew the bolt of lissom lath;
Fair Margaret, in her tidy kirtle,
Led the lorn traveller up the path,
Through clean-clipt rows of box and myrtle;
And Don and Sancho, Tramp and Tray,
Upon the parlour steps collected,
Wagged all their tails, and seemed to say—
Our master knows you—you're expected!

Uprose the Reverend Dr. Brown,
Uprose the Doctor's winsome marrow;
The lady laid her knitting down,
Her husband clasped his ponderous Barrow;
Whate'er the stranger's caste or creed,
Pundit or Papist, saint or sinner,
He found a stable for his steed,
And welcome for himself, and dinner.

If, when he reached his journey's end,
And warmed himself in Court or College,
He had not gained an honest friend
And twenty curious scraps of knowledge,—

If he departed as he came,
 With no new light on love or liquor,—
 Good sooth, the traveller was to blame,
 And not the Vicarage, nor the Vicar.

His talk was like a spring, which runs
 With rapid change from rocks to roses ;
 It slipped from politics to puns,
 It passed from Mahomet to Moses ;
 Beginning with the laws which keep
 The planets in their radiant courses,
 And ending with some precept deep
 For dressing eels, or shoeing horses.

He was a shrewd and sound Divine,
 Of loud Dissent the mortal terror ;
 And when, by dint of page and line,
 He 'stablished Truth, or startled Error,
 The Baptist found him far too deep ;
 The Deist sighed with saving sorrow ;
 And the lean Levite went to sleep,
 And dreamed of tasting pork to-morrow.

His sermons never said or showed
 That Earth is foul, that Heaven is gracious,
 Without refreshment on the road
 From Jerome or from Athanasius :
 And sure a righteous zeal inspired
 The hand and head that penned and planned them,
 For all who understood admired,
 And some who did not understand them.

He wrote, too, in a quiet way,
 Small treatises, and smaller verses,
 And sage remarks on chalk and clay,
 And hints to noble Lords—and nurses ;
 True histories of last year's ghost,
 Lines to a ringlet, or a turban,
 And trifles for the *Morning Post*,
 And nothings for Sylvanus Urban.

He did not think all mischief fair,
 Although he had a knack of joking ;
 He did not make himself a bear,
 Although he had a taste for smoking ;
 And when religious sects ran mad,
 He held, in spite of all his learning,
 That if a man's belief is bad,
 It will not be improved by burning.

And he was kind, and loved to sit
 In the low hut or garnished cottage,
 And praise the farmer's homely wit,
 And share the widow's homelier pottage :
 At his approach complaint grew mild ;
 And when his hand unbarred the shutter,
 The clammy lips of fever smiled
 The welcome which they could not utter.

He always had a tale for me
 Of Julius Caesar, or of Venus ;
 From him I learnt the rule of three,
 Cat's cradle, leap-frog, and *Quae genus* :
 I used to singe his powdered wig,
 To steal the staff he put such trust in,
 And make the puppy dance a jig,
 When he began to quote Augustine.

Alack the change ! in vain I look
 For haunts in which my boyhood trifled,—
 The level lawn, the trickling brook,
 The trees I climbed, the beds I rifled :
 The church is larger than before ;
 You reach it by a carriage entry ;
 It holds three hundred people more,
 And pews are fitted up for gentry.

Sit in the Vicar's seat : you'll hear
 The doctrine of a gentle Johnian,
 Whose hand is white, whose tone is clear,
 Whose phrase is very Ciceronian.

Where is the old man laid ?—look down,
 And construe on the slab before you,
 “ *Hic jacet GULIELMUS BROWN,*
Vir nulla non donandus laetus.”

Mars Disarmed

AYE, bear it hence, thou blessèd child,
 Though dire the burthen be,
 And hide it in the pathless wild,
 Or drown it in the sea :
 The ruthless murderer prays and swears ;
 So let him swear and pray ;
 Be deaf to all his oaths and prayers,
 And take the sword away.

We've had enough of fleets and camps,
 Guns, glories, odes, gazettes,
 Triumphal arches, coloured lamps,
 Huzzas and epaulettes ;
 We could not bear upon our head
 Another leaf of bay ;
 That horrid Buonaparte's dead ;—
 Yes, take the sword away.

We're weary of the noisy boasts
 That pleased our patriot throngs :
 We've long been dull to Gooch's toasts,
 And tame to Dibdin's songs ;
 We're quite content to rule the wave,
 Without a great display ;
 We're known to be extremely brave ;
 But take the sword away.

We give a shrug, when fife and drum
 Play up a favourite air ;
 We think our barracks are become
 More ugly than they were ;

We laugh to see the banners float
 We loathe the charger's bray ;
 We don't admire a scarlet coat ;
 Do take the sword away.

Let Portugal have rulers twain ;
 Let Greece go on with none ;
 Let Popery sink or swim in Spain,
 While we enjoy the fun ;
 Let Turkey tremble at the knout ;
 Let Algiers lose her Bey ;
 Let Paris turn her Bourbons out :—
 Bah ! take the sword away.

Our honest friends in Parliament
 Are looking vastly sad ;
 Our farmers say with one consent
 It's all immensely bad ;
 There was a time for borrowing,
 But now it's time to pay ;
 A budget is a serious thing ;
 So take the sword away.

And O, the bitter tears we wept,
 In those our days of fame,—
 The dread, that o'er our heart-strings crept
 With every post that came,—
 The home-affections, waged and lost
 In every far-off fray,—
 The price that British glory cost !
 Ah ! take the sword away.

We've plenty left to hoist the sail,
 Or mount the dangerous breach ;
 And Freedom breathes in every gale,
 That wanders round our beach.
 When duty bids us dare or die,
 We'll fight another day :
 But till we know a reason why,
 Take, take the sword away.

Quince

NEAR a small village in the West,
 Where many very worthy people
 Eat, drink, play whist, and do their best
 To guard from evil Church and steeple,
 There stood—alas ! it stands no more !—
 A tenement of brick and plaster,
 Of which, for forty years and four,
 My good friend Quince was lord and master.

Welcome was he in hut and hall
 To maids and matrons, peers and peasants ;
 He won the sympathies of all
 By making puns, and making presents.
 Though all the parish were at strife,
 He kept his counsel and his carriage,
 And laughed, and loved a quiet life,
 And shrank from Chancery suits—and marriage.

Sound was his claret—and his head ;
 Warm was his double ale—and feelings ;
 His partners at the whist club said
 That he was faultless in his dealings :
 He went to church but once a week ;
 Yet Dr. Poundtext always found him
 An upright man who studied Greek,
 And liked to see his friends around him.

Asylums, hospitals and schools,
 He used to swear, were made to cozen ;
 All who subscribed to them were fools,—
 And he subscribed to half-a-dozen :
 It was his doctrine, that the poor
 Were always able, never willing ;
 And so the beggar at his door
 Had first abuse, and then—a shilling.

Some public principles he had,
 But was no flatterer, nor fretter ;
 He rapped his box when things were bad,
 And said " I cannot make them better ! "
 And much he loathed the patriot's snort,
 And much he scorned the placeman's snuffle ;
 And cut the fiercest quarrels short
 With—" Patience, gentlemen—and shuffle ! "

For full ten years his pointer Speed
 Had couched beneath her master's table ;
 For twice ten years his old white steed
 Had fattened in his master's stable ;
 Old Quince averred, upon his troth,
 They were the ugliest beasts in Devon ;
 And none knew why he fed them both,
 With his own hands, six days in seven.

Whene'er they heard his ring or knock,
 Quicker than thought, the village slatterns
 Flung down the novel, smoothed the frock,
 And took up Mrs. Glasse, and patterns ;
 Adine was studying baker's bills ;
 Louisa looked the queen of knitters ;
 Jane happened to be hemming frills ;
 And Bell, by chance, was making fritters.

But all was vain ; and while decay
 Came, like a tranquil moonlight, o'er him,
 And found him gouty still, and gay,
 With no fair nurse to bless or bore him,
 His rugged smile and easy chair,
 His dread of matrimonial lectures,
 His wig, his stick, his powdered hair,
 Were themes for very strange conjectures.

Some sages thought the stars above
 Had crazed him with excess of knowledge ;
 Some heard he had been crost in love
 Before he came away from College ;

Some darkly hinted that his Grace
 Did nothing, great or small, without him ;
 Some whispered with a solemn face,
 That there was " something odd about him ! "

I found him, at threescore and ten,
 A single man, but bent quite double ;
 Sickness was coming on him then
 To take him from a world of trouble :
 He prosed of slipping down the hill,
 Discovered he grew older daily ;
 One frosty day he made his will,—
 The next, he sent for Doctor Bailey.

And so he lived,—and so he died !—
 When last I sat beside his pillow
 He shook my hand and " Ah ! " he cried,
 " Penelope must wear the willow.
 Tell her I hugged her rosy chain
 While life was flickering in the socket ;
 And say, that when I call again,
 I'll bring a licence in my pocket.

" I've left my house and grounds to Fag,—
 I hope his master's shoes will suit him ;
 And I've bequeathed to you my nag,
 To feed him for my sake,—or shoot him.
 The Vicar's wife will take old Fox,—
 She'll find him an uncommon mouser,—
 And let her husband have my box,
 My Bible, and my Assmanshauser.

" Whether I ought to die or not,
 My Doctors cannot quite determine ;
 It's only clear that I shall rot,
 And be, like Priam, food for vermine.
 My debts are paid :—but Nature's debt
 Almost escaped my recollection :
 Tom !—we shall meet again ;—and yet
 I cannot leave you my direction ! "

CHARLES LEVER

Bad Luck to this marching

BAD luck to this marching,
Pipe-claying and starching ;
How neat one must be to be killed by the French.
I'm sick of parading
Through wet and cowld wading
Or standing all night to be shot in a trench.
To the tune of a fife,
They dispose of your life,
You surrender your soul to some illigant lilt,
Now I like Garryowen,
When I hear it at home,
But it's not half so sweet when you're going to be kilt.

Then though up late and early,
Our pay comes so rarely,
The devil a farthing we've ever to spare ;
They say some disaster
Befel the paymaster ;
In my conscience I think that the money's not there.
And, just think what a blunder ;
They won't let us plunder,
While the convents invite us to rob them, 'tis clear ;
Though there isn't a village'
But cries, " Come and pillage,"
Yet we leave all the mutton behind for Monseer.

Like a sailor that's nigh land,
I long for the island
Where even the kisses we steal if we please ;

Where it is no disgrace
 If you don't wash your face,
 And you've nothing to do but stand at your ease.
 With no sergeant t'abuse us,
 We fight to amuse us,
 Shure it's better beat Christian than kick a baboon :
 How I'd dance like a fairy,
 To see ould Dunleary,
 And think twice ere I'd leave it to be a dragoon

Larry M'Hale

OH, Larry M'Hale he had little to fear,
 And never could want when the crops didn't fail ;
 He'd a house and demesne and eight hundred a year,
 And a heart for to spend it, had Larry M'Hale !

The soul of a party, the life of a feast,
 And an illigant song he could sing, I'll be bail ;
 He would ride with the rector, and drink with the priest,
 Oh ! the broth of a boy was old Larry M'Hale.

It's little he cared for the Judge or Recorder ;
 His house was as big and as strong as a gaol ;
 With a cruel four-pounder he kept all in great order,
 He'd murder the country, would Larry M'Hale.

He'd a blunderbuss too ; of horse-pistols a pair !
 But his favourite weapon was always a flail ;
 I wish you could see how he'd empty a fair,
 For he handled it nately, did Larry M'Hale.

His ancestors were kings before Moses was born,
 His mother descended from great Grana Uaile :
 He laughed all the Blakes and the Frenches to scorn ;
 They were mushrooms compared to old Larry M'Hale.

He sat down every day to a beautiful dinner,
 With cousins and uncles enough for a tail,

And, though loaded with debt, oh ! the devil a thinner
Could law or the sheriff make Larry M'Hale.

With a larder supplied and a cellar well stored,
None lived half so well, from Fair-Head to Kinsale ;
As he piously said, " I've a plentiful board,
And the Lord He is good to old Larry M'Hale."

So fill up your glass, and a high bumper give him,
It's little we'd care for the tithes or repale ;
For ould Erin would be a fine country to live in,
If we only had plenty like Larry M'Hale.

L O R D T E N N Y S O N

The Goose

I KNEW an old wife lean and poor,
Her rags scarce held together;
There strode a stranger to the door,
And it was windy weather.

He held a goose upon his arm,
He uttered rhyme and reason,
“Here, take the goose, and keep you warm,
It is a stormy season.”

She caught the white goose by the leg,
A goose—’twas no great matter.
The goose let fall a golden egg
With cackle and with clatter.

She dropped the goose, and caught the pelf,
And ran to tell her neighbours;
And blessed herself, and cursed herself,
And rested from her labours.

And feeding high, and living soft,
Grew plump and able-bodied;
Until the grave churchwarden doffed,
The parson smirked and nodded.

So sitting, served by man and maid,
She felt her heart grow prouder:
But ah! the more the white goose laid
It clacked and cackled louder.

It cluttered here, it chuckled there
 It stirred the old wife's mettle :
 She shifted in her elbow-chair,
 And hurled the pan and kettle.

" A quinsy choke thy cursèd note ! "
 Then waxed her anger stronger.
 " Go, take the goose, and wring her throat,
 I will not bear it longer."

Then yelped the cur, and yawled the cat ;
 Ran Gaffer, stumbled Gammer.
 The goose flew this way and flew that,
 And filled the house with clamour.

As head and heels upon the floor
 They floundered all together,
 There strode a stranger to the door,
 And it was windy weather :

He took the goose upon his arm,
 He uttered words of scorning ;
 " So keep you cold, or keep you warm,
 It is a stormy morning."

The wild wind rang from park and plain,
 And round the attics rumbled,
 Till all the tables danced again,
 And half the chimneys tumbled.

The glass blew in, the fire blew out,
 The blast was hard and harder.
 Her cap blew off, her gown blew up,
 And a whirlwind cleared the larder ;

And while on all sides breaking loose
 Her household fled the danger,
 Quoth she, " The Devil take the goose,
 And God forget the stranger ! "

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY

Little Billee

THERE were three sailors of Bristol City
Who took a boat and went to sea,
But first with beef and Captain's biscuits,
And pickled pork they loaded she.

There was gorging Jack, and guzzling Jimmy,
And the youngest he was little Billee.
Now when they'd got as far as the Equator
They'd nothing left but one split pea.

Says gorging Jack to guzzling Jimmy,
"I am extremely hungaree."
To gorging Jack says guzzling Jimmy,
"We've nothing left, us must eat we."

Says gorging Jack to guzzling Jimmy,
"With one another we shouldn't agree!
There's little Bill, he's young and tender,
We're old and tough, so let's eat he."

"O Billy! we're going to kill and eat you,
So undo the button of your chemie."
When Bill received this information,
He used his pocket-handkerchie.

"First let me say my catechism,
Which my poor mammy taught to me."
"Make haste! make haste!" says guzzling Jimmy,
While Jack pulled out his snicker-snee.

Then Bill went up to the main-top-gallant-mast,
 And down he fell on his bended knee,
 He scarce had come to the Twelfth Commandment
 When up he jumps—"There's land I see!"

"Jerusalem and Madagascar,
 And North and South Amerikee,
 There's the British fleet a-riding at anchor,
 With Sir Admiral Napier, K.C.B."

So when they got aboard of the Admiral's,
 He hanged fat Jack and flogged Jimmee,
 But as for little Bill he made him
 The captain of a seventy-three.

Sorrows of Werther

WERTHER had a love for Charlotte
 Such as words could never utter;
 Would you know how first he met her?
 She was cutting bread-and-butter.

Charlotte was a married lady,
 And a moral man was Werther,
 And, for all the wealth of Indies,
 Would do nothing for to hurt her.

So he sighed and pined and ogled,
 And his passion boiled and bubbled,
 Till he blew his silly brains out,
 And no more was by it troubled.

Charlotte, having seen his body
 Borne before her on a shutter,
 Like a well-conducted person,
 Went on cutting bread-and-butter.

ROBERT BROWNING

Youth and Art

It once might have been, once only :
 We lodged in a street together,
You, a sparrow on the housetop lonely,
 I, a lone she-bird of his feather.

Your trade was with sticks and clay,
 You thumbed, thrust, patted and polished,
Then laughed, "They will see some day
 Smith made, and Gibson demolished."

My business was song, song, song ;
 I chirped, cheeped, trilled and twittered,
" Kate Brown's on the boards ere long,
 And Grisi's existence embittered ! "

I earned no more by a warble
 Than you by a sketch in plaster ;
You wanted a piece of marble,
 I needed a music-master.

We studied hard in our styles,
 Chipped each at a crust like Hindoos,
For air, looked out on the tiles,
 For fun watched each other's windows.

You lounged, like a boy of the South,
 Cap and blouse—nay, a bit of beard too ;
Or you got it, rubbing your mouth
 With fingers the clay adhered to.

And I—soon managed to find
 Weak points in the flower-fence facing,
 Was forced to put up a blind
 And be safe in my corset-lacing.

No harm ! It was not my fault
 If you never turned your eye's tail up,
 As I shook upon E *in alt*,
 Or ran the chromatic scale up :

For spring bade the sparrows pair,
 And the boys and girls gave guesses,
 And stalls in our street looked rare
 With bulrush and watercresses.

Why did not you pinch a flower
 In a pellet of clay and fling it ?
 Why did not I put a power
 Of thanks in a look, or sing it ?

I did look, sharp as a lynx,
 (And yet the memory rankles)
 When models arrived, some minx
 Tripped up-stairs, she and her ankles.

But I think I gave you as good !
 " That foreign fellow,—who can know
 How she pays, in a playful mood,
 For his tuning her that piano ? "

Could you say so, and never say
 " Suppose we join hands and fortunes,
 And I fetch her from over the way,
 Her, piano, and long tunes and short tunes ? "

No, no : you would not be rash,
 Nor I rasher and something over :
 You've to settle yet Gibson's hash,
 And Grisi yet lives in clover.

But you meet the Prince at the Board,
I'm queen myself at *bals-paré*,
I've married a rich old lord,
And you're dubbed knight and an R.A.

Each life unfulfilled, you see ;
It hangs still, patchy and scrappy :
We have not sighed deep, laughed free,
Starved, feasted, despaired,—been happy.

And nobody calls you a dunce,
And people suppose me clever :
This could but have happened once,
And we missed it, lost it for ever.

EDWARD LEAR

The Nutcrackers and the Sugar-Tongs

THE Nutcrackers sate by a plate on the table,
The Sugar-tongs sate by a plate at his side ;
And the Nutcrackers said, " Don't you wish we were
able

Along the blue hills and green meadows to ride ?
Must we drag on this stupid existence for ever,
So idle and weary, so full of remorse,—
While every one else takes his pleasure, and never
Seems happy unless he is riding a horse ?

" Don't you think we could ride without being in-
structed ?

Without any saddle, or bridle, or spur ?
Our legs are so long, and so aptly constructed,
I'm sure that an accident could not occur.
Let us all of a sudden hop down from the table,
And hustle downstairs, and each jump on a horse !
Shall we try ? Shall we go ? Do you think we are
able ? "

The Sugar-tongs answered distinctly, " Of course ! "

So down the long staircase they hopped in a minute,
The Sugar-tongs snapped, and the Crackers said,
" Crack ! "

The stable was open, the horses were in it ;
Each took out a pony, and jumped on his back.
The Cat in a fright scrambled out of the doorway,
The Mice tumbled out of a bundle of hay,
The brown and white Rats, and the black ones from
Norway,
Screamed out, " They are taking the horses away ! "

The whole of the household was filled with amazement,
 The Cups and the Saucers danced madly about,
 The Plates and the Dishes looked out of the casement,
 The Salt-cellar stood on his head with a shout,
 The Spoons with a clatter looked out of the lattice,
 The Mustard-pot climbed up the Gooseberry Pies,
 The Soup-ladle peeped through a heap of Veal Patties,
 And squeaked with a ladle-like scream of surprise.

The Frying-pan said, "It's an awful delusion!"
 The Tea-kettle hissed and grew black in the face;
 And they all rushed downstairs in the wildest confusion,
 To see the great Nutcracker-Sugar-tong race.
 And out of the stable, with screamings and laughter,
 (Their ponies were cream-coloured, speckled with
 brown),
 The Nutcrackers first, and the Sugar-tongs after,
 Rode all round the yard, and then all round the town.

They rode through the street, and they rode by the
 station,
 They galloped away to the beautiful shore;
 In silence they rode, and made no observation,
 Save this: "We will never go back any more!"
 And still you might hear, till they rode out of hearing,
 The Sugar-tongs snap, and the Crackers say "Crack!"
 Till far in the distance, their forms disappearing,
 They faded away.—And they never came back!

The Two Old Bachelors

Two old Bachelors were living in one house;
 One caught a Muffin, the other caught a Mouse.
 Said he who caught the Muffin to him who caught the
 Mouse,
 "This happens just in time, for we've nothing in the
 house,
 Save a tiny slice of lemon and a teaspoonful of honey,

And what to do for dinner,—since we haven't any
money?

And what can we expect if we haven't any dinner
But to lose our teeth and eyelashes and keep on growing
thinner?"

Said he who caught the Mouse to him who caught the
Muffin,

" We might cook this little Mouse if we only had some
Stuffin'.

If we had but Sage and Onion we could do extremely
well,

But how to get that Stuffin' it is difficult to tell."

Those two old Bachelors ran quickly to the town
And asked for Sage and Onion, as they wandered up
and down.

They borrowed two large Onions, but no Sage was to
be found

In the shops or in the Market or in all the Gardens
round.

But some one said, " A hill there is, a little to the north,
And to its purpledicular top a narrow way leads forth ;
And there among the rugged rocks abides an ancient
Sage,

An earnest Man, who reads all day a most perplexing
page.

Climb up and seize him by the toes, all studious as he
sits,

And pull him down, and chop him into endless little
bits.

Then mix him with your Onion (cut up likewise into
scraps),

And your Stuffin' will be ready, and very good—
perhaps."

Those two old Bachelors, without loss of time,
The nearly purpledicular crags at once began to climb ;
And at the top among the rocks, all seated in a nook,
They saw that Sage a-reading of a most enormous book.

" You earnest Sage ! " aloud they cried, " your book
you've read enough in,
We wish to chop you into bits and mix you into
Stuffin'."

But that old Sage looked calmly up, and with his awful
book

At those two Bachelors' bald heads a certain aim he
took;

And over crag and precipice they rolled promiscuous
down,—

At once they rolled, and never stopped in lane or field or
town;

And when they reached their house, they found (besides
their want of Stuffin')

The Mouse had fled—and previously had eaten up the
Muffin.

They left their home in silence by the once convivial
door;

And from that hour those Bachelors were never heard of
more.

W. E. AYTOUN

*The Fight with the Snapping Turtle ; or,
The American St. George*

HAVE you heard of Philip Slingsby,
Slingsby of the manly chest ;
How he slew the Snapping Turtle
In the regions of the West ?

Every day the huge Cawana
Lifted up its monstrous jaws ;
And it swallowed Langton Bennett,
And digested Rufus Dawes.

Riled, I ween, was Philip Slingsby,
Their untimely deaths to hear ;
For one author owed him money,
And the other loved him dear.

“ Listen now, sagacious Tyler,
Whom the loafers all obey ;
What reward will Congress give me,
If I take this pest away ? ”

Then sagacious Tyler answered,
“ You’re the ring-tailed squealer ! Less
Than a hundred heavy dollars
Won’t be offered you, I guess !

“ And a lot of wooden nutmegs
In the bargain, too, we’ll throw—
Only you just fix the critter.
Won’t you liquor ere you go ? ”